

Texas Siftings.

VOL. 12—No. 5.
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NEW YORK AND LONDON, NOVEMBER 30, 1889.

10 Cents a Copy.
\$4 per year in Advance.



A WISE PRECAUTION.

LITTLE BOY—I SAY, PA, DO YOU SEE THIS COOPER SHOP?

FATHER—OF COURSE I DO.

LITTLE BOY—WELL, THANKSGIVING WILL BE ALONG IN A FEW DAYS; HADN'T YOU BETTER LET ONE OF THESE COOPERS PUT A HOOP OR TWO AROUND YOU?

Texas Siftings.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second Class Mail Matter

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 30, 1889.

TEXAS SIFTINGS can be obtained wholesale at all wholesale News Depots and at 10 cents a copy on all News Stands.
TEXAS SIFTINGS will be supplied to Newsdealers by any of the wholesale News Companies.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Any part of the United States or Canada, one year, postage paid, \$4 00
Foreign countries, 75c. extra
All subscriptions must be paid in advance.
Send money by express money order, post-office order or registered letter to

TEXAS SIFTINGS PUBLISHING CO.,
47 John Street, New York.

The English edition of Texas Siftings is printed and published weekly in London, at the office of the Texas Siftings Publishing Co., 4 East Harding Street.

Persons desiring to have MSS. returned or communications answered, must inclose a stamped envelope with their address thereon.
Eds. Texas Siftings.

THE HOLIDAY SIFTINGS.

The Christmas number of TEXAS SIFTINGS will bear date December 14 and be on the news-stands a few days earlier. Although containing much more matter than our regular edition, it will sell for the same price—10 cents.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

AN ocean race—The Vikings.
IN the ring—a diamond, sometimes.
A BRIDLE gift—throwing in a hitching strap.
"OUT" with the Boies—Iowa Prohibitionists.
OUTDOOR sports—gamblers driven to the street.
THE Pomp of power—colored porter in a Pullman car.
"EYE'LL see you through," as the needle said to the thread.
DENNIS has a dog that smokes cigarettes. The little whiff-it.
HIGHLY connected—The acrobat suspended from a balloon.
POLICE judges ought to make a good committee on fine arts.
THE man who objects to being dunned rather likes being found out.
THERE is a time for mirth, but Foraker hasn't detected it since election.
THE scientist says an absolute vacuum cannot exist, and yet the dude lives.
THERE must be something rotten in Germany's military system; even their cannon are K'rupp.
"LET dogs delight to growl and bite." I suppose, then, that dogs that are not "to let," don't do it.
ENGLAND has found a new substitute for tobacco, but it won't find favor in this country while cabbages rule so low.
AT a Chicago wedding the other day the ceremony of throwing the slipper had to be omitted. They had no catapult.

A CORRESPONDENT asks, "Is the Indian dying out?" He is not dying out so much as formerly. As he becomes more civilized he goes in to die.

JUPITER Lights is the title of Constance Fenimore Woolson's latest novel. There may be thunder on Olympus when Jupiter lights on it.

SOME one writes, "Who is Browning, the poet?" We don't know who is Browning the poet, but the critic is frequently roasting him.

"WHY did your fool ancestors make the thistle their national emblem?" asked an Englishman of a Scotchman. "For some ass like you to nibble at," was the caustic reply.

THE CAT'S THANKSGIVING.



THANKSGIVING is come, and I've really
Much cause to be grateful for that;
For I'm wiser by far than you think me;

Though only a starved little cat.

My tail is elongated sadly
By tin pails and cans it has worn,
My overcoat needs a new lining,
Its fur is old-fashioned and torn.

I don't want a lining of velvet,
With bias confusions of silk,
But one of roast goose and boned turkey,
And pudding with unlaundered milk.

Perhaps if I'd patiently sit here,
I might steal a march on the cook;
But guess I will wait until dinner,
I like to smell how victuals look.

And when the guests go from the table
I'll jump in the gravy and drink of it,
And eat turkey till I can gobble;
It makes me fat now just to think of it.

SHOCKING A NEW YORK CLUB.

Mr. Freddy Gebhardt, whose name has been mentioned in connection with Mrs. Langtry, figures once more in the papers. As usual, he shines by reflected light. This time it is a male friend who is to blame for the publicity. He is accused of having introduced an intoxicated young gentleman of leisure, and of the somewhat inappropriate name of Work, into the sacred precincts of the Manhattan Club, where the latter's little sportive wiles annoyed the members who were distressingly sober at the time. It seems to be one of the rules of all fashionable New York clubs that no member shall introduce a friend who is already under the influence of liquor. He must become mellow inside of the club house, where there are unrivaled facilities for unrestrained conviviality. A secret meeting of the Governing Committee was held, but as is usual in all strictly secret conferences, it leaked out that Mr. Gebhardt was severely disciplined. Whether he was compelled to "set 'em up," or was merely expelled, is still uncertain. However, it is gratifying to observe that the curiosity of the frenzied public to know all about the crisis, in this matter of almost national importance, is gradually subsiding. One of the alleged objectionable features of the hilarity of Mr. Gebhardt's friend consisted in emptying the contents of the ink and muc-



WILLING TO ASSIST IN THE GOOD WORK.

TEMPERANCE WORKER—Will you help us put down whisky?

BUMMER—Yes; where'll we go?

lage bottles into a goblet, and pouring the contents over the head of a venerable and wealthy member until the mess extended down his beard even unto the skirt of his Prince Albert coat.

LADY INSPECTORS DISCHARGED.

The heads of twelve lady inspectors were cut off by one fell swoop of the axe of Col. Erhardt, the New York Collector of Customs. One of the peculiar results of this decapitation is the establishment of the fact that there are cases in which the individual who loses his, or her head, makes more noise after the head is off than while it was on, which, in the instance of female officials, is saying a great deal. One of the causes of this unexpected move, or rather remove, was that the lady inspectors quarreled among themselves. Metaphorically, and occasionally in sad reality, they had each other by the hair. Like the two quarrelsome roosters they appealed to the fox, with the result that the latter had spring roosters, *au naturel*, for breakfast. Collector Erhardt put an end to the female quarrels by bouncing the entire lot, and substituting men, who are less emotional. Another reason for the removal of the female inspectors was that they mused up the finery of the rich ladies returning from Europe. The latter petitioned the Collector to appoint men to examine their trunks, as they were much more discreet and showed better judgment in such cases. The lady inspectors, so the wealthy lady tourists complained, took a malicious pleasure in disarranging things, and forcing ladies to submit to a personal examination, and putting them to much unnecessary inconvenience.

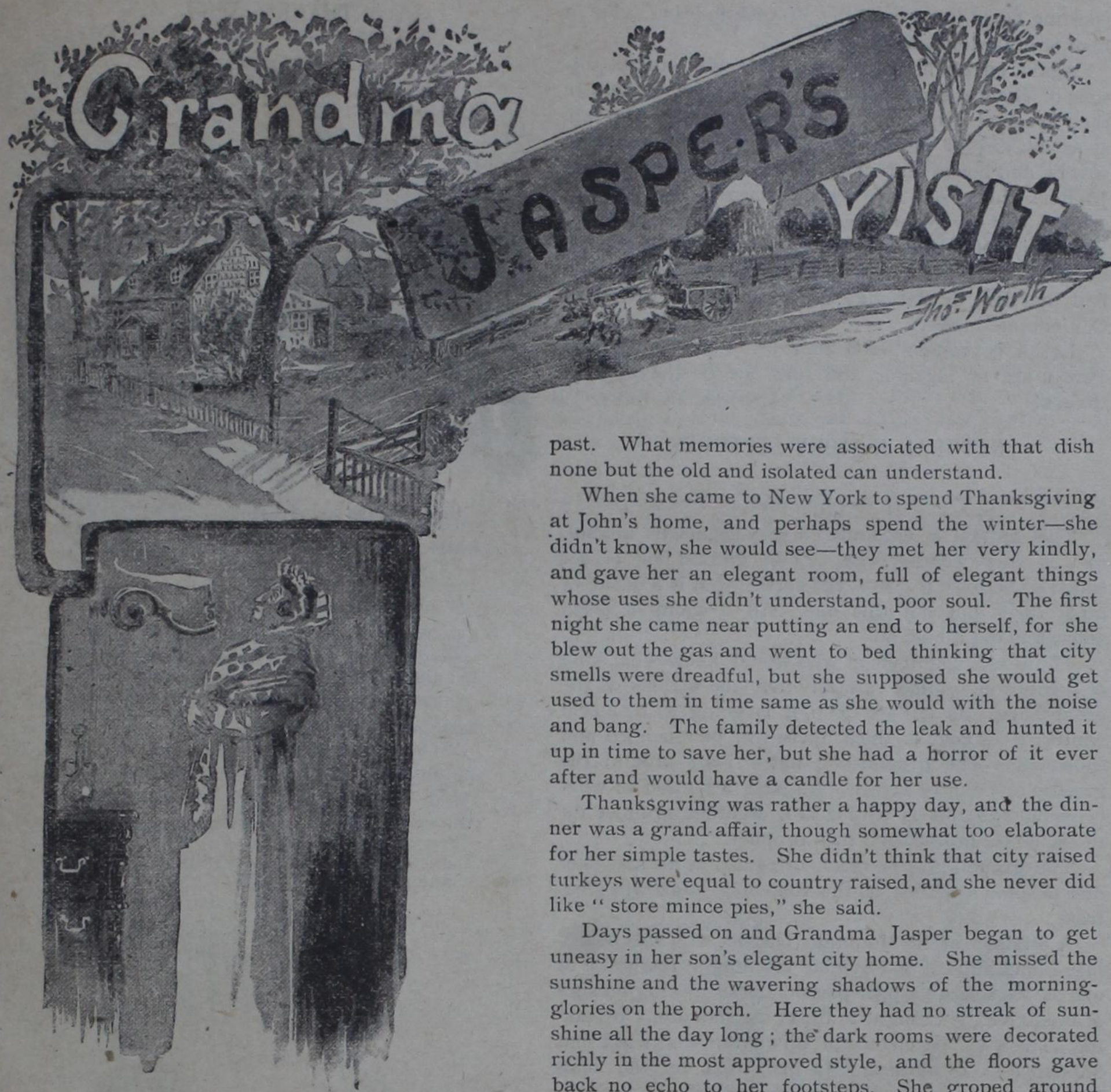
THANKSGIVING.

The custom of setting apart a day for Thanksgiving for abundant crops is no new one, nor is it confined to any country. The early church never failed to recognize the bounty of God, but the custom goes far back of this, even. In the long ages of the Old Testament the thank-offering may be traced, and this same spirit was shown among ancient heathen nations, who felt the same sensation of thankfulness and the need of expressing it. In some countries at the present day the thanksgiving following harvest time is not considered enough. There is in the spring a day for blessing the fields and for prayer, that the crops may be abundant and unattended by any disaster while growing. In New England for many years Thanksgiving has resembled, to a certain extent, the Christmas of Old England in its festivities. When the Puritans left England they couldn't tolerate anything English, therefore they banished Christmas, and Thanksgiving was exalted in its stead. The festival has now become almost universal in America, and it is well, for we have none too many days of social enjoyment. It is a day when members of families long separated should gather around the well loaded table and cheerful hearth in the old home of their childhood, that they may not be as strangers to each other, and that the affection of childhood may not be allowed to die.

BRICE FOR SENATOR.

Hon. Calvin S. Brice, Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, announces that he is candidate for the United States Senate from Ohio, with tariff reform inscribed upon his banner. Although Col. Brice spends most of his time in New York City, where he has extensive business interests to look after, he maintains his legal residence at Lima, Ohio, where he began life as a poor and struggling attorney. A fortunate connection with a new railroad building in Ohio, in which he developed rare business enterprise and sagacity, made him a millionaire. The fact that he is wealthy will of course be employed against him by those who seem to think that none but poor men should be elected to important positions. He must be prepared to have the terrible word "plutocrat" hurled at his head, and the ruder journals of the opposition will doubtless stigmatize him as "money bags." But the best ability doesn't always go with the faculty of being poor and in debt. Money should not be made an insurmountable bar to a talented man's promotion; and we here make bold to say, that Col. Brice would make just as capable a Senator wealthy, as he would if he hadn't a cent in his pocket.

CALLING for a division of the house—demanding a divorce.



Grandma Jasper had been "threatening" to visit her son in New York for some time, but she never came until Thanksgiving. She had had numberless invitations from John and his family, but the sign never came right, as she used to say in her quaint way. When she wrote to say she was coming at last, they could hardly read the writing, it was such a scrawl. Poor old trembling hands that had wrought so much good and comfort for everybody, they had grown too feeble to work, and no wonder she wrote badly. They were shriveled and had lost their cunning.

She had not been much acquainted with John's wife since those early years when she was accustomed to bring the children out to visit her. She was stylish and dressed with such taste that she made Grandma's attempts to fix up and look "folksy" appear ridiculous. Her daughter-in-law had easy manners and could smile sweetly, but an old mother's instinct detected an ab-



Grandma Jasper at Home

sence of true tenderness and sentiment. She never cooed to the dimpled baby nor soothed the wounded feelings of the grandchildren. The French nurse who was hired to watch them did all of these things, and she had no time to bother with them.

"Come down to New York and live with us," John would say; and he meant it, for he was really kind at heart and loved his old mother, but Grandma was "sot in her ways," as she acknowledged herself, and would insist upon keeping her little country home where her children were born and where she had lived so many, many years. She loved the old fashioned furniture, and the remnant of her old "flowing blue" dishes; the broad platter, with its impossible landscape, was a pleasant study to her. That wonderful galleon on a fruit plate, which seemed bound for a deep blue pagoda across the river, carried her fancies away back into the

past. What memories were associated with that dish none but the old and isolated can understand.

When she came to New York to spend Thanksgiving at John's home, and perhaps spend the winter—she didn't know, she would see—they met her very kindly, and gave her an elegant room, full of elegant things whose uses she didn't understand, poor soul. The first night she came near putting an end to herself, for she blew out the gas and went to bed thinking that city smells were dreadful, but she supposed she would get used to them in time same as she would with the noise and bang. The family detected the leak and hunted it up in time to save her, but she had a horror of it ever after and would have a candle for her use.

Thanksgiving was rather a happy day, and the dinner was a grand affair, though somewhat too elaborate for her simple tastes. She didn't think that city raised turkeys were equal to country raised, and she never did like "store mince pies," she said.

Days passed on and Grandma Jasper began to get uneasy in her son's elegant city home. She missed the sunshine and the wavering shadows of the morning-glories on the porch. Here they had no streak of sunshine all the day long; the dark rooms were decorated richly in the most approved style, and the floors gave back no echo to her footsteps. She groped around among the dim rooms with her poor eyes peering through the æsthetic gloom, and sometimes she sat and wondered what there was beautiful in those dreadful great vases, with dragons grinning over the top.

When with the family she made such mistakes talking that she gradually quit saying anything, except when John talked, as he did sometimes about the old days "when he and Phon were boys." Somehow she felt that her bent and withered form looked out of place among the new and gilded beauty of the rooms, and her old-fashioned words and ways of pronouncing them were so different from their ways that she felt afraid to talk. They had a way, too, of stepping in and taking things out of her hands when she tried to do a little towards "tidying up" the room, as if they thought she would smash the bric-à-brac or soil the dado. Only once did those fine young ladies, her grand-daughters, manifest any interest in her, and that was when the blue dishes were mentioned. They would be so delighted to have them for their "antique room," and the old fender and andirons, and hadn't she an old spinning wheel, too. Grandma's eyes moistened when these things were spoken of, and she promised all of them something from the old home when she should be through with them.

They were out of patience because Grandma would sometimes slip into the basement to talk with Mary, the Irish girl, who was very kind to the old lady. She wrote long letters to her daughter in Illinois, Irish Mary helping her, telling how nice John's family lived and how they did so much for her; but she grew more restless every day, and one day they found her folding her black dresses and putting them in the new trunk John had given her, and she said her visit was ended—she feared she had bothered them too long, anyhow—and she was going home. They urged her to stay longer but she said no, her things needed looking after at the old place.



Grandma Jasper and the Cook.

So Grandma Jasper went back to the bright old rooms with the small panes of unstained glass, and the strip of rag carpet in front of her bed, the old high bureau of mahogany, looking better to her eyes than those dark dressing cases at John's city house, and her voice even quavered "Coronation" as she dusted the bottom of the trunk and hung everything in its old place. Then when the sun shed those trembling lights and shadows through the vines on the porch, and the cricket began to chirp on the hearth, she thanked her blessed old fashioned Father which is in heaven for all the satisfaction she felt in having a little place of her own.

MRS. D. M. JORDAN.

SILAS VASTINE'S TRAVELS.

BY V. Z. REED.

Silas Vastine, the young farmer of Cracker Neck, Iowa, who was traveling to see some of the world before marrying and settling down on his farm in the Skunk river "bottoms," wrote the following letter to Lucinda Pypes, his betrothed, after he had spent a few days in Denver:

denver, Jewn the 12th.

Deer loosindy.

in my last letter i told you about a theayter called the tabor, an i thot it surtinly wuz the ding-bumdest place on erth, but last nite i went to a nuther called the Palace an i do say the tabor haint a patchin to it for i do think the palace is the vary tuffest hole under the sun. A man told me i could go in a box fur fifty sents an i told him i wuzent busted by a darn site an a seet wuzent none to good fur me butt he sed it wuzent a store box er anything like that an jist to see what the derned thing wuz i went to a box, and loosindy Almiry Pypes uv all the cuttins up an carryins on i ever see in my life i see it rite there. the show cummenst and i wuz a lookin at a feller singin a song about I will return agen to thee, when a woman with bang'd hare and painted fase come into my box an flopt herself onto my lap an sed woodent i buy her a bottel of beer, deer. i thot she must be a sleep walker an i shuck her an tride to wake her up an she up an called me a dam J jist like the feller did i told you about. She sed if i bot her a bottle of beer she would kiss me but if i diddent she would kick the stuffin out uv me, so rather than have a fuss i told her i would buy the beer an she punched a littel button an a feller with a woman's aporn on brung us a bottel of beer, an by jingo the blaimed thief-maid me pay a dollar for it. An then the woman held up her glass an sed heres a lookin at you deer, but i diddent look at her mutch cause i was ashaimed to on akcount of her not havin skarsely enny cloze on an i promised you to be true, an purty soon she went out an i Tell you i wuz mortle glad of it. An then a girl drest up in mens britches come out on the stage an yelled out a song so fast that all i could hear wuz sumthin like Git your hair cut, hair cut, hair cut, an then a beer jerker stuck his hed in to my box an sed Ta ta Rooral. I cant make out fur the life uv me what these danged peepil mean by callin me rooral an dam J, but i spose it is jist a way they have. then another woman come to the door and wanted to know if i woodent buy her a bottle of beer, deer, an i jist got disgusted an went to the Tavern where i am stoppin so a kiss deer an no more at present from yure trew lover

S. VASTINE.

PRUDENCE is the mother of Wisdom, but she has several children that should be shunned. Their names are Indecision, Weakness, Fear and Doubt.



Grandma Jasper at her Son's City Home.

PERCY GIVETH THANKS.



Percy Fitzgerald Percy, recognizing the fact that I have been pretty lucky during the year in all that I have undertaken, desire to give thanks for blessings enjoyed, and to record a few of the instances in which I seem to have been the special child of fortune.

For over three weeks I paid court to Lesbia De Courcey, buying her bracelets and bon-bons without number, taking her to theatre and ball, with bouquet and champagne—supper accompaniment, when I found out by mere chance that she put up with me only when that aristocratic-nosed Van Doon was forced out of town. In other words, I was allowed near her just to help her pass the time, to bridge over the interval until her loving Van would return. Now, suppose I had been permitted by an unkind fate to pay her attentions and pay out my money for many months, until I found out her duplicity? Egad, I should have had to borrow twice as much as I have already borrowed, and my whole wardrobe would be subjected to supplementary proceedings!

Again, in a moment of ecstatic delirium, superinduced, I suppose, by the view I caught of the sheriff passing my door, I wrote an ode on "The Value of Peace." I sent it to fifty or more papers, each one of which sent me a polite note of thanks with the return of my poem. Subsequent conversation with a few devoted friends prompted me to the belief that I had committed an unpardonable sin. Suppose one of the papers had printed my lines? By Jove! I would have been shunned by my friends, expelled the club, damned by the public, and killed by the critics.

Again, I have been in the habit of visiting the race-tracks the past season, and most of the time I had my pile on the winning mule. But suppose I had had it on the loser? Suppose my horse had broken down in the off fore-leg, or jumped a fence, or run away two miles with his jockey, returning with the wind knocked out of him, (the jockey as well as the horse?) Heavens! instead of being hailed a successful sport, I would be called a hanger-on, and I would be forced to devote my



HOPE FOR HIM YET.

YOUNG MOTHER—Don't you think baby looks like his father?
VISITOR—Ye-es, but I wouldn't worry; he may outgrow it.

sporting blood to rat-catching or cock-fighting. For a man of my calibre, think of it!

Again, on all hands I see people who are the victims of chance and misfortune. They get cinders in their eyes, oil drips upon their clothing, they slip into space by way of banana-peels and polished coal-hole covers, and hooks and nails have no respect for them. Jupiter! think of my beauty marred, my clothing spoiled, and my general excellence as a picture ruined, with large bills due the tailor, and haberdasher, and doctor, and barber, and manicure, with no credit to be had by lying, by sixty-day notes, or by the giving of Confederate money!

Let it be remembered that the Percy Fitzgerald Percys are no ingrates, and that one of them giveth thanks!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE GROUND-HOG.

This animal is accounted a very sagacious animal, and is very weather-wise. The ground-hog is not called so because it wants the earth; that is a desire of other hogs, but not this one. All it wants is earth enough to dig a hole in.

Those old countrymen who would know what kind of a winter is coming carefully note the actions of the ground-hog. If it digs deep, it is going to be a cold winter; if its coat is thick, there will be much ice and snow, etc. The ground-hog never loafs around the grocery or country tavern, but pays attention to what is going on; this is why it is a weather prophet for those too lazy to be their own prophet.

The ground-hog is much esteemed as an article of diet in some localities, as the following story will illustrate:

A minister in the Mountain District who was boarding, found himself one Sunday morning at the house of one of his tolerably poor parishioners. Seeing no sign of breakfast, he thought to break the monotony by taking a stroll and perchance fill up on the east wind that happened to be blowing. In his stroll over the fields he came across a boy digging for dear life to find the other end of a ground-hog hole. The minister stood by in silence, while the boy sweat copiously, but finally thinking to give him some religious instruction, remarked:

"Boy, do you know what day this is?"

"Yep."

"Then what are you digging for?"

"Grub."

"Why, what do you expect to get out of that hole that is fit to eat?"

"Ground-hog."

"Well, young man, you're working pretty hard; do you think you'll get it?"

"Git it? Git h—l! I got to git it. There's a dominie up to the house waiting for breakfast, and the little cuss at the bottom of this hole is his meat."

My friends, when you see a man hustling and doing a great deal of fussing, it may not always be enterprize. It may be a case of ground-hog with him.

E. R. COLLINS.

A GOOD EXCUSE.

It is customary in the New York courts for the judges to appoint a court official as referee. Why, precisely, a court official makes a better referee than anybody else is susceptible of an explanation, which is hinted at in the following little parable:

"Mamma, I want some raisins."

"Take a handful, Johnny."

"You take a handful for me, mamma. Your hand is bigger than mine."

The court official has invariably a large hand.

A VERY CONSCIENTIOUS MAN.

Mose—Ole Colonel Skinflint am de keerfullest an' mos' conshienshus man in Austin."

THANKSGIVING.

OLD AND NEW STYLE.



H E N Thanksgiving' came 'round in my young days It was somethin' besides a name; We made apple pies of all sorts and kinds, Also punkin pies of the same.

We had puddin' full of the biggest plums, An' our doughnuts were crisp and brown, While the way our turkey was stuffed an' biled,

Used to be the talk of the town.

I have just come home from my son's Thanksgiving', An' the thought of it takes my breath; I know that another day of such livin' Would most certainly be my death.

They brought bowls of what they call *bullion* first, Some kind of thin, watery stuff; But their boned turkey to me was the worst, It tasted an' looked flat enough.

Saratoger potatoes were fetched in, Not biled, but fried up, an' then dried; An' their bill of fare was in French or Welsh, That you couldn't read if you tried.

You wouldn't believe how careless they are, For, as true as I'm a singer, They didn't bring me my coffee to drink Until I was done my dinner.



Yes; I gave Bob's wife a piece of my mind, For I call such things downright sin. When you have a Thanksgiving', an' can't see Where the givin' of thanks comes in.

If I was a man, I would make a picter, That would wake up some folks' idees, To show how the dinners of olden time Would outshine such doin's as these.

MARY A. BENSON.

Pete—What cause have you for thinking so, Mose?

Well, sah, de ole Colonel hasn't been wuff mor'n two dollars at any one time sence de wah, an' yit when he buys a newspaper on de street he allers puts on his specks fur fear he mout gib a five-dollar gol' piece in mistake fur a nickel. Yes, sah, he am a mos' keerfu man.

SHE WAS A FREAK.

"How did you like me as a living statue?" asked Mrs. Schmidt of her husband, on their return from an entertainment at which she had figured conspicuously.

"To tell the truth, I was dumbfounded," he replied.

"At my statuesque appearance?"

"No, my dear, at your being able to keep your mouth shut so long."

AN UNLUCKY BLOCK.

E.—Don't let us turn down this street.

F.—Why not?

E.—Because it's unlucky for me to pass the next block. There are precisely thirteen people to whom I owe money living on it.

It was found that the man who advertised to "restore old paintings" had stolen them. He was willing to restore them for a sufficient consideration.

OLD BEN'S THANKSGIVING.



IT'S GWINE ter be Thanksgibbin Day tomorrer, Mars'r Cham'lain, an' my ole 'oman sort o' 'lowed as how yer might like ter s'prise her wid a little gif' o' suthin good fer dinner," and old Ben Simms threw another armful of wood in the shed, and rolled up the whites of his eyes in quite an unanswerable way.

"Well, Ben," said his employer, good-naturedly, "you've raised about as many turkeys and chickens

this year as I have; your children have plenty of nuts and apples, and my wife always sends Sally a mince-pie when we have any, so I really don't know what I have that could be coaxed into being a surprise."

"Oh, ho! Mars'r Cham'lain," and the darkey threw up his heels in old plantation style. "I reckon yer's done forgot dem merlasses!"

"Molasses? Why, that's so, Ben, I've been so busy ever since we made up our sorghum that I don't believe I have sent you any of it."

"Dat's jist 'zactly what we don't b'liebe ober ter our house, an' if yer's done made up yer min' dat yer's boun' ter gib us suthin, I'll be much 'bleeged ter yer, an' take a gallon o' dem merlasses home wid me in my dinner bucket."

"All right," said Mr Chamberlain, "go to the barrel and help yourself; you are welcome to a gallon of it."

Ben poured the contents of a brimming half-gallon measure into his three-quart bucket, filled it again, and after his bucket was entirely full, there was a quart of his "Thanksgibbin s'prise" left in the measure.

"Now, Mars'r Cham'lain," said he, "a gif' is a gif', an' 'tain't good luck ter leave none, an' as my bucket can't hold no mo' o' dem merlasses, all de same I can, an' I'm jist gwine ter eat 'em," and he lifted the measure to his mouth.

"Don't, Ben! you'll be sick; that amount of clear molasses would kill a horse."

"Dey won't hurt me, sich pow'rful good, sweet merlasses as dem is; I 'low my folks 'll be s'prised dis time, sho," and with a long sigh of happiness Ben put down the empty measure.

A few hours afterward Ben's folks were surprised, and so was he, for a sick-er darkey never kicked, and yelled, rolled on the floor, and doubled himself up like a jack-knife.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned he, "I's gwine ter die dis time sho; I knows I's got de chol'ra infantum, an' dat kills a body quicker'n lightnin'. Sally, yer pore, worfless nigger, I's allers told yer not ter

put so much sal'ratus in the biscuit bread, an' now yer see what it's done ter me. It's dem yaller biscuits we had fer breakfas' dat's mighty nigh killin' me. Oh-h-h! Ough-h-h!" and Ben was again collapsed.

He didn't work the next day, nor for several other days, and when he finally made his appearance at the woodpile, it was with the remark, "Mas'r Cham'lain, sah, don't nebber send me no mo' ob yer sourgum merlasses; they're mighty sweet, but I don't think they're biled down enough ter be healthy."

MARY A. BENSON.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.

PART VI.

On the death of Clotaire I., in 561, the Frankish empire came into the possession chiefly of his two sons, Sigebert and Chilpéric, the former King of Austrasia, the eastern portion, and the latter King of Neustria, the western portion. A third son was assigned to Paris and a fourth to Burgundy, but they did not count for much, although they were set down as kings in the city directory.

Austrasia embraced Lorraine, Belgium and the right bank of the Rhine, which leads me to remark that a great deal of trouble has been caused by getting on the wrong bank of the Rhine. Sigebert's capital was Metz and Chilpéric's Soissons. A German population and German habits prevailed in Austrasia, as they do to this day, Germany holding a good part of it. In Neustria the Franks were less numerous, and Roman civilization had taken deeper root there than in the districts bordering on the Rhine. A feeling of intense rivalry grew up between these kindred nations, and the struggle for predominance lasted a hundred years, the Teutonic Gaul eventually triumphing over his Roman brother.

Very tragic, *mes jeunes amis*, is the story of Brune-



A Victim of Too Much Molasses.

haut, wife of King Sigebert. Her sister was married to Chilpéric of Neustria, but not for long, because she was assassinated in order that he might espouse a beautiful but wicked peasant girl named Frédégonde, on whom he was very much gone the first time he saw her. On this account Brunehaut incited her husband to make war on his brother, whom he drove from the capital, but Frédégonde cut Sigebert's career short by the aid of hired assassins. Then she seized Brunehaut and threw her into a dungeon, together with her five year-old son, Childebert II. Him, however, the mother contrived to send back to Austrasia, though it is a matter of some wonder why she didn't go back with her son.

To complicate matters still further, Merovy, son of Chilpéric, fell in love with his Aunt Brunehaut, and they were secretly married. When Frédégonde learned of this her rage was intense, especially for one of her rage, and she had the young man seized and his hair shingled. This, *mes enfants*, may not seem to you a very severe punishment, but in those days it was the greatest disgrace that could happen a prince, for he could never reign if his hair was once cut. Without hair he couldn't be heir to the throne. He committed suicide soon after. Brunehaut was allowed to return to her kingdom.

Frédégonde was one of the worst female sovereigns on record, and she put the climax to her other atrocities by causing the assassination of her husband, Chilpéric. She wept bitterly at the funeral, but excused herself from going to the grave, in order that she might hurry home and place her little son, Clotaire II., on the throne of Neustria. He was too young to reign, however, and his uncle Gontran was appointed

viceroy by the Neustrians, who refused to obey the wicked Frédégonde, who was banished to Rouen. On the death of Gontran she rejoined her son, but died soon after.

Clotaire II. was brought up to hate his aunt, Brunehaut, with the most bitter hatred, and when in after years she was delivered into his hands by treachery, he devised the most cruel form of punishment. He ordered that her body be bound to a wild horse, which was then set free, and the unfortunate Queen of Austrasia dragged to a cruel death. Her grandchildren were all killed, too, thus wiping out the entire family of Austrasian kings.

TWO GAMES.

Little Johnnie—Le's play stage robber. You come along and I'll spring out with a pistol and take away everything you've got.

Little Jimmie—But we haven't got no pistol nor nuth'n like a stage! Tell you what; when you come along I'll get you to sign a paper and then I can rob you just the same without a pistol.

All right, we'll play "Loan Agent," if you like it better.

A SHREWD MOVE.

A.—You see that fine house? The man who owns it made all his money as a cab driver.

B.—How did he manage to do it?

Easy enough. He made it a rule to know the exact minute when the train left in which his passenger was going, and reaching the station at the very last moment, the passenger could not dispute with him, no matter what he charged.

EXPLOSIVE GAS.

Mrs. A.—I see that the city authorities are going to investigate these subway explosions. It is believed that they are caused by gas.

Mrs. B.—I've no doubt of it. There is always an explosion in this house when I ask my husband for money to pay the gas bill.

THE WEIGH OF THE WICKED.

Coal Dealer—I have investigated your complaint and find you got your full ton of coal. That's the way it is.

Customer—Are you really sure that there are no two weighs about it?

GREATLY BENEFITED.

Teacher—Do you derive much benefit from the big Bible I gave you last Sunday?

Tommy—No, but sister does; she has got it jam full of autumn leaves.



A FINISHED ARTIST.

WIFE—John, you're drunk again!

HUBBY—No, m' dear, only rehearshin'; 'm goin' on amateur shtage ash drunken man, zhat's all.

WIFE—Well, John, you don't want to waste your talents on an amateur stage any longer. You want to seek a professional engagement at once.



It was midsummer. Under the great trees sat a young girl and a young man. She read:

"Barefooted the snow comes,
Flinging wreaths of beauty,
Treading like a penitent,
Rough paths of duty."

"What an exquisite figure—that of the penitent, walking barefooted the paths of duty," he said, looking away dreamily into the haze of the horizon's rim. He was thinking of a rough path which he might be compelled to tread soon, for he loved the bright, light-hearted creature at his side and realized that she loved him not. His eyes were full of pain, but she did not see. Selfishly happy people never see the pain that afflicts others.

"It is a good day to read about snow," she said, flippantly. "The very words bring the ghost of a cold wave."

Her companion shivered. Winter for him was close at hand—the winter which freezes hope.

"When does the first snow come?" the girl presently inquired.

"In November," he answered, still looking afar off, as though he could already see the desolation into which he must pass.

"O, yes; I remember," she said. "It comes about Thanksgiving."

He said nothing, but the words "about Thanksgiving" hummed in his ears with hideous persistence. The winter he dreaded could have in it nothing for which he could offer thanks. He wished she would not talk of days which could hold no joy for him—days which were seasons of reunion for people who had homes and friends, but which only emphasized his own loneliness.

"Where shall you be next Thanksgiving?" she asked, as though the day was very far ahead, indeed, and one might be almost anywhere.

"I don't know," he answered, simply.

The answer possessed but little interest for her, apparently. Her question had been an idle one. She was thinking of herself and her plans, and scarcely heard him. "I am going to Florida," she said, her face flushing with pleasant anticipations.

He saw the pleasure-light in her eye and thought, "How little she cares for me. She is happy in the prospect of going away."

After a moment he said, "Wherever I am there will be snow."

She looked up with some interest. "You like snow, then?"

"No, I don't like it," he answered; "but it will come where I am going, whether I like it or not."

"I thought you said you did not know where you were going?" she said.

"Nor do I," he replied; "but I know the snow will come wherever I go."

She did not understand that he was thinking and talking of the snows which fall upon the heart's hopes. In all the world she saw only herself. So she chatted on lightly of her plans and pleasures, of the seasons to come and what they would bring to her, saying no word upon which his poor foolish heart could feed.

He heard her and yet heard her not. His wounded spirit was looking ahead into dreariness. He saw himself walking alone on a rugged highway with the snow falling upon him and whirling about him—the first snow of the winter. It was a scene of desolation, yet

he could not take the eyes of his fancy from it. This was to be his future.

He began to sketch the scene, and grew so interested that he forgot to talk. Meantime his companion read in silence.

"Let me see your sketch," she said, as he was about to close the book.

He handed it to her in silence.

"Seems to be a snow-storm," she said, glancing at it carelessly, "and the solitary man on whom the snow is falling looks as though the hand of fate were on him," and she laughed her easy, light laugh which enchanted and maddened him at once.

"His lot, like the policeman's, is not a happy one," said the young man, in a tone that had more meaning in it than his words.

The afternoon passed away and so did the summer, and the two who had talked of the first fall of the snow were far apart when it came. From his garret near the sky in New York, the artist saw the whirling snow-flakes cloud the air and recalled the words of the poem as they had fallen from the lips of the woman whom he loved and who loved him not.

"Treading, like a penitent,
Rough paths of duty,"

he repeated, musingly, as he stood looking out at the roofs which were rapidly whitening below him.

This was Thanksgiving, yet he had sat at no feast, laughed with no one. Remembering his sketch of the first fall of the snow, he found it and sat looking at it a long, long time. Then the fancy seized him to paint it, and he chose a canvas and began.

His friend of the summer remembered the Thanksgiving, too, though she was under skies too sunny for snow, and the lines she had read beneath the trees of summer floated through her mind as she thought of the day in the North.

Winter came and passed. Summer followed and winter came again, and other winters and other summers came and passed until fifteen years had sped away.

At an exhibition of paintings a lady and gentleman paused before a snow scene wherein a solitary man walked a rugged path. It was a graceful bit of work, and told its simple story of heroic endeavor in the face of difficulties in silent eloquence. It was called "The First Fall of the Snow," and on the gilded frame in black letters were the words:

"Barefooted the snow comes,
Flinging wreaths of beauty,
Treading like a penitent
Sweet paths of duty."

Something in the face of the lone traveler in the painting interested the lady. She looked at the picture long and earnestly, and as she read the lines on the

frame, she remembered why it had appealed to her as an old friend.

Two young men, evidently artists, paused and began to talk about the picture.

"A Clinton," said one, looking at his catalogue. "That means that it will sell readily at a good round figure. It is wonderful what success that fellow has."

"The man in it looks like Clinton himself, doesn't it?" said the other, "only it is the melancholy, struggling Clinton of years ago; not the successful, famous, wealthy Clinton of to-day. Why, in addition to making any amount of money himself, he married a woman as rich as a Rothschild."

The color deepened on the face of the lady who overheard this.

"Shall we move on?" asked her husband.

"Not yet; I should like to look at this bit of a snow-storm a moment longer," she said.

"I will buy it for your Thanksgiving gift," said the husband.

"No; I don't care for it," she answered, hastily.

"I merely looked at it because it reminds me of something I have seen somewhere," and she moved on, her face wearing a look of discontent and irritability.

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

IT DIDN'T WORK.

A German student of medicine named Wimmerl was about to try to pass his examination. He felt somewhat uneasy, as he knew very well that, having neglected his studies, he was quite deficient. He, however, relied on his ability to look out for himself in emergencies.

The examining professor conducted Wimmerl to a patient and told him to look at his eyes and make a diagnosis of the case, while he, the professor, examined some other patients. Wimmerl examined the patient, but could find no clue; but a happy thought occurred by which he could cover up his ignorance.

"Mr. Wimmerl," asked the professor on his return, "have you discovered the nature of the man's disease?"

"Professor," replied Wimmerl, "my honor forbids me to answer your question. I don't want to take an unfair advantage. The patient, himself, has disclosed to me the nature of his disease. Give me another case."



"He Looks as though the Hand of Fate were on Him."

"What!" roared the professor, who had known the patient for some weeks, "you say this man has been talking to you? It is a great pity, Mr. Wimmerl, but he is deaf and dumb."

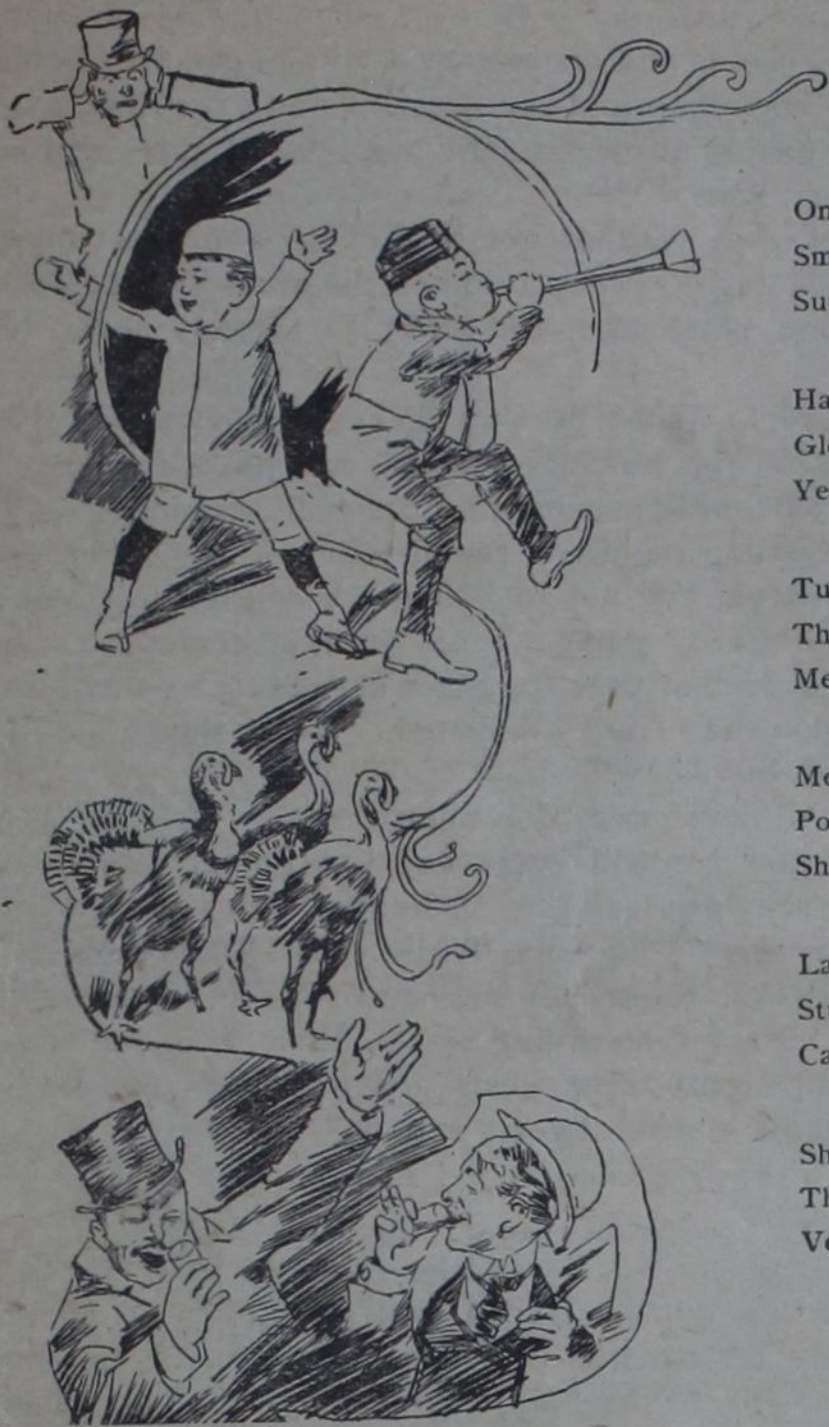
A GOOD DEFINITION.

Teacher—What is meant by the expression, "mother tongue?"

Boy—It means that the old man don't have much to say about the house.

"Beautiful Aisle of the C" had allusion to ecclesiastical matters, after all. The "C" certainly stood for church.

THANKSGIVING DAY.



On Thanksgiving Day we see
Small boys running round in glee,
Surely, though, they cannot be
Thanksgiving!

Happy urchins, full of play—
Glorying in the holiday,
Yet they're not, 'tis safe to say,
Thanksgiving!

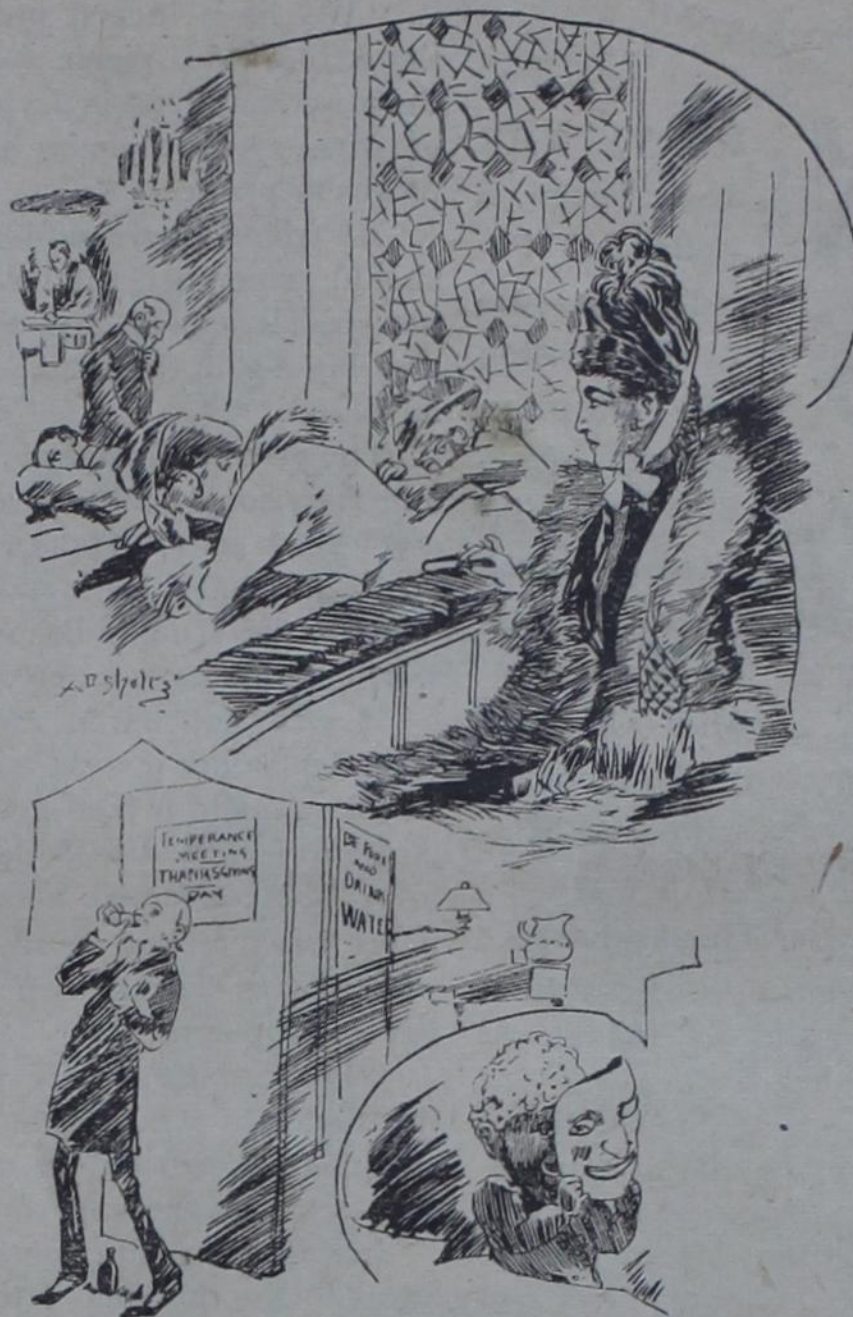
Turkey gobblers, old and thin,
The curse of many boarders win—
Men who take no interest in
Thanksgiving!

Men who get as full as goats,
Pouring whisky down their throats,
Show no conduct which denotes
Thanksgiving!

Ladies who to church repair
Studying the fashions there,
Cannot be supposed to share
Thanksgiving!

Shams we witness all around,
The title is an empty sound;
Very few are really found
Thanksgiving!

JOHN S. GREY.



During the rest of the ride Ali Pasha was even more polite than usual, and finally in the most courteous manner he asked the French officers if they still adhered to their determination not to enter into the Turkish service.

The French officers had changed their minds, and replied that they would with great pleasure accept the offer of positions in his army. One of them was placed in charge of the artillery, while another was put in command of an important fortification. They remained in the service of the Pasha several years.

A TOUGH COOSE.

Old Zack shuffled forward, as his name was called, closely followed by the officer who had captured him in one of his nocturnal chicken-stealing expeditions. He held his cat-skin cap tightly under his arm, rubbing his woolly head thoughtfully with his disengaged hand.

"Well, prisoner, what is your name?"

MR. AUSTIN AND THE TILDEN WILL.

"This is a warning to the rest of us," said Mr. Austin the other morning from behind his newspaper, sort of thinking out loud.

"What's a warning to the rest of us?" asked Mrs. Austin, who had entered the sitting room unobserved.

"You there, Mirandy? Why, I was just reading about the Tilden will—Samuel J. Tilden, you remember, the millionaire lawyer of New York."

"Yes, I've always heard he was a man of great will power," said Mrs. Austin, taking up some sewing.

"And a great will he made, giving New York city a four-million-dollar library."

"Can anybody go and draw books there?"

"Well they might, if Mr. Tilden had drawn the will up properly. But it's in the courts."

"The library is in the courts?"

"No, the will. Tilden's heirs are trying to break the will and get the money, instead of having it go for a library as he intended."

"Why didn't Tilden consult some good lawyer when he wanted to make a will?"

"Don't you know, Mrs. Austin, that Sam Tilden was one of the greatest lawyers that New York has ever produced?"

"Was he?"

"Of course he was."

"But his will doesn't show it, it seems."

"No, and that's what I am getting at. No one can make a will that the courts can't break wide open—I would be afraid to make a will myself."

"You needn't be, John."

"No matter how carefully I drew it up," continued Mr. Austin, with growing bitterness, "some miscreant relative would go into court and try to break it."

"What for?" asked Mrs. A., wonderingly.

"What for? Why, to defeat the purpose for which it was made," cried Mr. Austin, becoming more and more excited at the thought; "to defeat a worthy act dictated by the most unselfish public spirit. In short, to show that I didn't know what I wanted to do with my own money." And Mr. Austin sprang from his chair and began to pace the floor rapidly, as a relief from his agitation.

"I don't think you need worry much about this thing," said Mrs. Austin, soothingly. "So far as you are concerned a will is nothing at all."

"Nothing at all!" snorted Mr. Austin, growing very red in the face. "I want to leave a few millions to found a library in the city where I made my money. I state as much in my will, but sneaking relatives with no regard for my wishes, employ the sledge-hammer of the courts to break my will, and you call it nothing at all! Perhaps you would justify your relatives in taking such a step. May be you would initiate it yourself, Mrs. Austin," and her husband fairly glared at his wife.

"I would be the very last to do it," said Mrs. A., emphatically.

"I wouldn't trust you," replied Mr. Austin, sitting down again. "It all convinces me of the necessity of every man disposing of his wealth before he dies, if he cares what becomes of it. I have long thought so, and this Tilden affair convinces me of it. I shall make no will, Mrs. Austin, mark that; but while I am alive and in the full possession of my health and faculties, I shall—"

Mrs. Austin, who had been called to the door by a ring (not heard by Mr. A., so absorbed was he in his plan for disposing of his property), returned to say that the baker had called again to collect that little bill of \$2.85, and to say that he had got tired running after it.

"He will have to call again," said Mr. Austin, making a hasty exit through the back door.

A STRATEGIC MOVE.

During one of the wars between Turkey and Greece two French officers, who were serving in the Grecian army, were captured and fell into the hands of Ali Pasha. This Turkish general treated his French prisoners very kindly, and finally suggested that they join his army. The proposition was rejected, as they wished to return to France as soon as possible.

The Turkish general very politely continued to insist that the French officers should accept his offer, tendering them high positions and liberal salaries, as he needed their services very much, but they still refused.

One day Ali Pasha invited the Frenchmen to take a ride with him. They accepted, and as they rode through the market place they witnessed a fearful scene, viz: the execution, by flaying alive, of two men.

"What have these men done to deserve such dreadful punishment?" asked one of the horrified Frenchmen.

"Nothing at all," replied Ali Pasha, stroking his beard, "except that they are prisoners of war who refused to join my army."

"Zacharias Tobias."

"What?"

"Zacharias Tobias."

"Are you sure it is not Ananias?"

"I ain't sure of nuffin', yer honor; but I 'spects it'll be Dennis fo' I gits out ob yere."

"Well, Dennis—I should say Ananias—you were found in Deacon Smith's chicken-coop this morning at three o'clock, I believe."

"Quarter pas' three, yer honor."

"Well, then, 3:15, to be more exact. I suppose you went there to read poetry."

"Sar?"

"Did you go there to read poetry?"

"Eat poultry? No, sar; don't want no raw poultry 'bout dis niggah. Don't eat poultry till it's done cooked."

"Well, Dennis, I am afraid your poultry will be cooked this time—your goose at least. Do you think you can get it done in thirty days?"

"It's pretty tough, yer honor—"

"Well, then, make it sixty days, so as to be on the safe side."

And as old Zack moved away he murmured, softly, "Dun fixed it dis time; bound ter get three square meals a day fur de next two months, sho'."

THE reason why there are so few female doctors in Russia, is because no woman can practice medicine in that country until she is forty years of age. What woman is willing to acknowledge that she is forty?



A PLUCKY DOG.

JIMMY—Aha, my dog has a new collar.

BILLY—Go on! dat's nothin'; my dog got kicked clear down stairs an' it didn't hurt him a bit.



GEMS FROM THE POETS.

Fare thee well, and if forever;
Still forever fare thee well!

—Byron.

COL. BILL SNORT IN BOSTON.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



NORT, THE great Texan, a victim of Cupid's wiles—He visits Boston and meets a Boston girl—Bill Snort invited to an æsthetic Thanksgiving dinner—Miss Minerva

Beaconhill and John L. Sullivan present—Snort makes a characteristic speech—He is smitten with Miss Minerva.

BOSTON, Day after Thanksgiving.

MY DEAR JOHNNY:—I write you these lines from Boston, where I have been having a h. o. t. (a high old time) with John L. Sullivan and other litterati.

In illuminating the city, we became so demonstrative that there was some talk of conveying us to a protoplasm, but the policeman thought better of it. I had my pistol, also my big Texas sombrero on my person.

N. B.—If you will look in the dictionary you will discover that a protoplasm is a cell. As I stated, they did not put us in a protoplasm. Snort and Sullivan are a little too many for policemen who wear spectacles. As a fire-eating wizard from the sulphur-coated prairies, I was allowed the freedom of the city, and so was Sullivan, who is a popular idol.

My dear Johnny, N. B., even when written in a Boston letter, don't mean, not a bean, but something else—do you *nota bene*?

I dare say, Johnny, you will correctly infer that I have been drinking again. And who is to blame for it? Cupid, Johnny, Cupid. Her name this time is Miss Minerva Beaconhill. I have been jilted, fired out of the warm affections of a Boston girl. She has jilted Col. Snort for a Boston dude who knows all about "the whichness of the is" and "the thusness of the therefore." Yes, Johnny:

Miss Minerva B,
She jilted me,
For a lah-da-dah,
From Bosting, from Bosting.

She is several years my senior, but as she has lots of money I didn't mind it. Besides, the youth who marries an old maid, gathers in the spring-time of life the golden fruits of autumn.

Beautiful sentiment, isn't it, Johnny? And as Minerva had the scads I didn't mind going into the fruit business, but as things are now, Texas and Massachusetts are as far apart as ever.

I met her and John L. Sullivan at a Thanksgiving dinner to which I had been invited. By the way, I made a neat little Thanksgiving speech, in the following happy vein:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—My slab-sided cast of countenance, and a mysterious craving for fish-balls convince me that the Snorts, like all truly great men, are of New England origin.

"I have often yearned to visit New England. Many a time have I, as a thoughtless cowboy, stampeded the cattle on the Texas prairies by singing the wild refrain:

"I wish I lived away down East where codfish salt the sea,
And where the folks have pumpkin pie and apple sass for tea,"

Encouraged by a beaming smile from Minerva, I proceeded.

"Yes, I like Boston, but one thing that puzzles me is what has become of the Yankees? I mean the Yankee men. I know where the dear Yankee girls are," I said, winking at Minerva, and placing my hand on my heart.

She giggled encouragingly.

"Whenever I am introduced to a prominent Bostonian like John L. or Kelly," I continued, "I always ask what part of Ireland he came from.

Sullivan, who was mysteriously sober, applauded vociferously, but as my remarks seemed to throw a

coldness over the rest of the congregation, I changed the subject to Thanksgiving.

"We have indeed much for which we should be thankful. The picnic season waneth and the lair of the ice-cream fiend is draped with the mourning weeds of woe. Arise, young men of Boston, and warble pæans of praise.

My friend Harrison is not celebrating much, but he should remember that this day was not set apart for his special benefit, and that the average Democrat is wearing a grin that makes the top of his head look like an island.

The voice of Tanner is no longer heard in the land, and Harrison's boom for a second term is sinking into a voiceless echo. Many rich Americans have been to Paris and have been swindled from the Palace Vendôme to the Rue de Bungstarter. Another fifty cent's worth of thanks, etc., etc."

It was, indeed, a most enjoyable Thanksgiving. Miss Beaconhill invited me to call, which I did as soon as John L. and myself got through celebrating.

I was charmed with the intelligence of Miss Beaconhill. We conversed about Texas. She, herself, had never been in that country, but she had a dear friend who was in Texas with Gen. Banks during his Red River campaign.

"Perhaps he's there yet," I remarked. "Some of the Federals who tackled the Snort Rangers in that campaign concluded to remain. They went into the real estate business, permanently."

It was not polite for a high-toned gentleman like Snort to say this, but I have become so accustomed to the whisky that Vice-President Morton keeps at his bar that any other tippie has a bad effect on me. When I go back to Washington I will drink none but the Morton Bar brand of whisky.



Snort makes a Thanksgiving Speech in Boston.

"No, Col. Snort, my friend survived; but he was wounded in the foot," replied Minerva, with immense dignity.

"Very severely?" I asked.

"Quite so, Col. Snort. The wound extended diagonally across the anterior aspect of the foot in the metatarsal region, severing the subcutaneous tissue and the superficial muscles."

"Excuse me, Minerva, I haven't tumbled yet."

"I presume you mean to say that you have not yet precipitated yourself in that direction."

"Yes, that's what I was going to say."

"In Texas, I presume, travelers are not unfrequently subjected to highway interruption and embargo," she remarked, changing the subject, which she saw was painful to me.

As I don't know yet what she meant, I suggested we take a short walk.

"Perhaps an abbreviated perambulation may be desirable," she replied.

We had quite a long walk, during which I had occasion to observe that she was no slouch at playing first spoon in an ice-cream duet. After that we walked on the Common, near the elm tree on which the witches were hung in good old Colonial days. It occurred to me this was a good place to propose. I did so. She replied:

"Col. Snort, in speaking of your life at Washington, did you not use the word 'caucuses'?"

"Yes," I said, "I was kept busy attending caucuses."

"Cauci," she replied, sternly.

"Cork eye! I have heard of cork legs, but never of a cork eye."

"I said cauci, not cork eye. The plurals of such words as cactus and caucus are cacti and cauci. None but Southern ignorami say cactuses and caucuses," she replied, gazing at me through her blue goggles with a clear, cold gaze.

"But what has that got to do with your becoming the fair young Northern bride of the great Texas journalist and statesman, Bill Snort?" Is that never to was?"

"Never! What do you Texans know about the wasness of the which? Besides, you have developed an overwhelming penchant for alcoholic stimulants and are proceeding rapidly in the direction of the canines."

"Minerva, I'm not to blame. Vice-President Morton is the guilty party. I am so accustomed to the whisky at his bar that any other brand creates the false impression that I am dissipated. Willst thou not?" I implored, but she wilted not.

"I will never wed, Col. Snort."

"I know you will never wed Col. Snort," I replied, very much disgusted. "Anyhow, your spectacles make my nose cold when I kiss you. You bet you'll not wed Col. Snort, but you may rope in some other fellow. Naomi, according to the Bible, was five hundred and eighty-three years old when she married, and you have several years yet—"

! ! * * ! * * ! * * ! * * ! * * ! * *

"Thus we two parted in silence and tears."

When I came to, I was alone on Boston Common. Minerva was gone. Had I said something to offend her? My off ear was very much swollen. I had no idea I could be so badly smitten by Minerva. The moral of this is: Never drink any whisky except at Morton's bar. Your sorrowing friend,

BILL SNORT.

ANOTHER DISHONOR TO THE PROUD NAME OF HAMILTON.

Jailer (to Eva Ray Hamilton)—There is bad news for you in the newspaper this morning.

Eva—What is it?

Jailer—Your father, William Steel, has been sent to prison for attempting to murder one of his neighbors.

Eva (weeping)—Why did he dishonor a noble name? I hope Ray won't hear of this.

A DESIGNING MAN.

Policeman (coming suddenly upon a suspicious character hovering about a palatial Fifth avenue residence at midnight)—What are you doing here?

Suspicious Character—I'm an architect, forming designs of this fine house.

Policeman—Forming designs on it, more like; so come along with me.

GALL.

Sneff—Going to Europe on twenty-five dollars, you say?

Sheff—Yes.

Going to Switzerland?

I expect so. Why do you ask?

Oh, nothing at all, only there is a town there named St. Gall. You ought to visit it.

A POLICEMAN was wanted to quell a disturbance in a New York tenement house. "Run to the nearest liquor store," advised a woman of observation. "You can always find a policeman in a liquor store." They found him.



Snort and John L. Sullivan on a Boose together.



PREPARING FOR THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

AUNT MARTHA—I dunno what we're goin' to do about a Thanksgivin' dinner, Abner. Our old gobble must be as tough as sixty, and the neighbors have sold all their'n to the New York market men.

UNCLE ABNER—We want something better'n these common country turkeys. I'll get one in the city; I'm goin' daown ter morrow ter York.

UNCLE ABNER (back from the city)—Here's your turkey, Martha.
AUNT MARTHA—Why, you everlastin' ole goose! It won't begin to go in the oven of our stove.

NOW THE FAIR IS SECURE.

It was a moment of great excitement. The fate of the New York World's Fair seemed trembling in the balance. Earnest men who have that great project at heart stood by, their faces showing the fierce contest between their hopes and fears that was raging within them.

Before them lay a document headed, "Subscriptions to the New York World's Fair." All eyes were directed towards a man who was seen standing on the opposite side of the street, apparently deliberating.

"He is coming," cried one.

"No," said another, "he has turned the other way."

"He is looking this way again."

"He has determined to come."

"He is coming, sure!"

A moment after he has crossed the street and mounts the steps in a haughty, dignified way.

Who is he?

One of New York's most noted millionaires.

There is a great buzz of excitement in the office. Strong men clasp each other by the hand and murmur exultingly, "Our project is saved. New York gets the World's Fair!" Weaker men retire into a corner and weep.

With stern determination and a fixed purpose on his brow the millionaire grasps a pen, writes his name and an amount opposite to it, and silently departs. A great cheer goes up from the crowd. All rush to see what has been written, and find that another of New York's great millionaires, a man whose check is good for a king's ransom, has subscribed fifty cents to the World's Fair guarantee fund!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Jonathan—In England they used to grant patents of nobility, but from recent events it is patent that many of the aristocracy are ignoble.

Martin H.—Net cash means a fisherman's receipts.

Albert North—The Army is in control in Brazil, and now it is read, "Southward the course of Empire takes its sway."

Geo. Lamb—The meaning of the Copper Trust is a saloon-keeper crediting a policeman for whisky.

J. A. B.—Butchers as a rule are successful in seeking office, and they always have an ax to grind.

N. Y. Citizen—Certainly, Turner ought to have been elected. He is an iceman, and it would be hard to find a nicer.

Politico—If John Wanamaker was not a man of a mild stamp, he would certainly have been licked by Wade Hampton.

Miss Q.—The elopement season is about due now. It is contemporaneous with the free ad. season for actresses.

Author—Your essay on "How to Treat Loafers" is received, but is unavailable for this journal on account

of the evident folly of the title. No reasonable person would think of treating a loafer even to bad whisky.

Young Clerk—The clubbing rates of TEXAS SIFTINGS depends entirely on the person who is clubbed. Spring poets generally get the worst of it.

John Smith, Jr.—There is no guide book to Oklahoma that we are aware of. "The Quick or the Dead" has been a badly guy'd book.

Little John—A gin fizz has no physical effect on a man's phiz.

Traveler—Nellie Bly has gone around the world. She had to get around the "World" before she started.

Nautical—You are quite right. An auctioneer as well as a sailor can make sale.

JOHN S. GREY.

AN ASPIRING MAN.

Jones—I wish I was Tascott.

Smith—What would you do?

What would I do? I'd capture myself, deliver myself up, claim the reward and stand my trial.

And be hung?

Not much. I'd hire a first-class lawyer with half the reward, and then the jury would be hung. I tell you, it's a great scheme. If I looked a little more like Tascott, I'd try it.

AN ENTHUSIAST ON RINGS.

Miss Ruth—Thank you, Mr. Jones, for this beautiful ring.

Mr. Jones—Then I am to infer that you like rings.

Miss Ruth (ecstatically)—Like 'em; I only wish I had fingers like the prongs of a pitchfork and rings enough to fill 'em.



EVOLUTION FROM A BREWER TO A BEER CASK.

THE LORE OF THE WISH-BONE.

A THANKSGIVING FANCY.



A CHARMING young widow who wants to break a wish-bone with you is one of whom you should beware. She is very tantalizing, *chic*, clever, and, oh, so awfully sorry you didn't get your wish. The young widow is a mind reader and knows just what your thoughts are while you are holding the bone and looking down into her eyes.

If you have to look up into a widow's eyes there may be some hope for you; but when she looks up and you look down she can read every one of your thoughts. By the way, there is only one, only has been one, only can be one thought passing through a man's mind when he is breaking a wish-bone with a charming young widow—*possession!* She knows it as plainly as though written indelibly upon your forehead. That is her particular *forte*. And when you break the bone and find yourself possessed of the short end, she will look up into your eyes with a look that will cause your poor back hair to crimp, and say with that pitying tone of voice never so well modulated as by the widow:

"I am so sorry you lost!"

No matter what the after result of a good dinner may bring forth, you cannot help but hie yourself away to some quiet resort obscure from prying and meddling eyes and bury your disappointment in beer, books or blues.

But when you break a wish-bone with a sweet young girl it is a very different thing. Sweet young girls' hearts were made to be broken like the wish-bone. You secure a deal of paradise while breaking bones with a sweet young girl, whereas you get generally wormwood and gall when you break bones with a fair widow. You throw all your art into the act of breaking a bone with a young girl; but when you break a bone with a fair widow you throw your heart in against her art, and she beats you nine times out of ten. The best place to break a bone with a fair widow is in the corner of a snug sitting-room with the lights turned low. A man's heart-fire glows more vividly upon his cheeks then; also it is more fun for the widow. She quite prefers earnestness of purpose and is ever ready for a tilt of hearts against arts. You might win a prize in the lottery of life if you would break a bone with a fair young girl with your heart as fixed upon the one purpose—*possession*, as it was with the widow. This brings to mind a little stanza penned by my friend, Hazelwood Peletzer, a young poet whose poems, by the way, have never been printed. He is a young chap of more modesty than poets are generally acquainted with; his desk is bulging with unprinted poems; some day he will print, so he says, but I doubt it. Here is his stanza:

"In her bright eyes I saw a flashing beam—
Was it the reflection alone of my heart's dream?
I touched her hand, she mine, we held the bone—
Broke it—I lost, she smiled; away, I was alone!"

Now, Peletzer's stanza may be somewhat crude and rough, but it tells the tale more perfectly than I could with a lot of dry prose.

Did you ever break a bone with a staid old aunt whose fortune you hoped to possess? If you lose your

For Sleeplessness

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. C. R. Dake, Belleville, Ill., says: "I have found it, and it alone, to be capable of producing a sweet and natural sleep in cases of insomnia from overwork of the brain, which so often occurs in active professional and business men."

wish your fortune is made, for she'll put you down as a real nice nephew without sordid fancies; but if you win, she'll pierce you with a look and say:

"I expected you wanted me to hurry up and die."
Always make it a point to lose your wish when breaking a bone with an expectant aunt who has a fortune.

When a colored gentleman breaks the wish-bone of a turkey he always throws the shorter end over his left shoulder. That means that he wishes next year's hen and turkey roosts will not be locked nor guarded by a bull-dog.

My wife broke a bone with me last Thanksgiving—she won her wish but has not got it. I haven't been very witty this season, hence have not written the way to that sealskin sacque. This is not fun but sad fact, or, at least, my wife says I'm growing stale.

H. S. KELLER.

A BRIGHT CHILD.

Mrs. A.—Just think, Mrs. B., my little Mollie lost a dollar bill on her way to the grocery.

Mrs. B. (proudly)—That couldn't happen to my little Fanny. She is too smart for that; ain't you, Fanny?

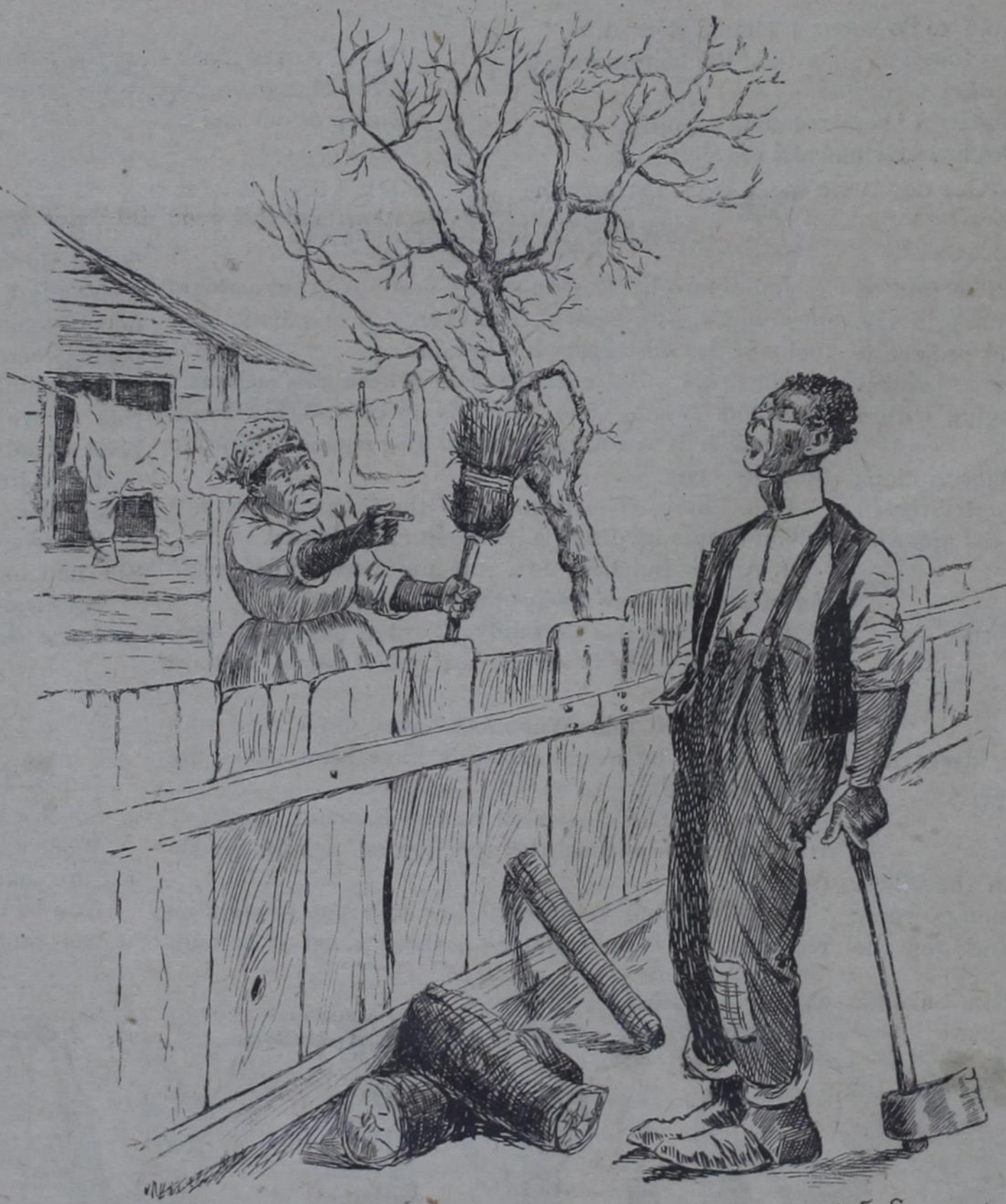
Fanny—Guess I couldn't lose my dollar bill when you never send any money to the grocer's. He always writes it down in a book, and when he wants any money from us he has to come five or six times.

ABRAHAM'S SUFFERINGS.

A.—How is that fat woman who lives next door to you coming on?

B.—She is dead and in Abraham's bosom. Poor woman!

Poor Abraham, you mean. She weighed three hundred if she weighed a pound.



A.E. Sweet #4

PRESERVING HIS COMPLEXION.

INDIGNANT MOTHER—Rastus, when air you gwinter begin chopping dat wood?

RASTUS—Jess as soon as de leabes grows on dat tree so hit will frow a shadder. Don't 'spect me ter sweat myself ter deff working in de hot brilin sun, does yer?

A DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT.

He—How beautiful these flowers are. They remind me of you.

She—But they are artificial flowers. There is nothing real about them.

He—Yes, I knew that as soon as I looked at them.

A TRUE TURKEY STORY.



HERE WAS A time not long ago when turkey roosted too high for the man with a moderate rent roll, but cold storage has changed all this. The public has but a misty idea of cold storage, but the business is full of cold facts.

In one of the twelve warehouses in New York city, according to a certain voracious reporter who was detailed to hunt up something curious for the Thanksgiving number, there is a turkey of the harvest of 1878 still in a remarkable state of preservation. This featherless bird has a post-mortem history. He was raised in Orange county and passed an uneventful life till his neck was wrung in the interests of the human race. He was hung up in Washington market as the prize turkey, weighing forty pounds. Nobody wanted a turkey of that weight on that Thanksgiving Day. While it had been a good year, nobody felt blessed to the extent of buying turkey by the fraction of a ton.

After Thanksgiving was over the turkey disappeared. Patrons of Washington market missed him, and imagined his fate. It was given out that an uptown hotel had bought him. In a week he was forgotten. A year later and a forty pound turkey was again suspended by the feet on the same beam in the market-place. He had the rosy glow of youth, and nobody suspected that it was the ghost of a year-dead bird. Styles ran to small turkeys that year, and the butcher advertised steaks off the big fowl, but the public was not educated up to turkey steaks. That is why the turkey remained intact and again flew out of the market.

Years followed, and still a prize turkey weighing forty pounds was displayed each latter part of November under the inscription:

"Orange county's pride. Raised by Farmer Biggs, of Meadowlake Farm. Boarders taken in summer."

Marketers began to recognize the big turkey as coeval with Thanksgiving. Nobody not in the business suspected that one turkey only was in the plot. Boarders from Biggs' swore they saw the identical turkey in the summer time walking around in the best hen society.

Cold storage did it. The turkey was this year on exhibition in Washington market, as usual. His toughness was somewhat tenderly inquired for somewhat early in the season, but the answer then was that Biggs had not yet sent in his annual carload of turkeys. Later, the order was sent to the cold storage warehouse to reproduce the monster, and all was busy about the place in consequence.

But up to the hour of going to press there have been no advices from the metropolis to the effect that any one had the nerve to buy the frozen antiquity.

If you should ever visit the big city across the North river from Jersey City about Thanksgiving time, go to Washington market and ask for Biggs' big bird, and it will undoubtedly be pointed out to you.

BEN.

A LITTLE FOOTSTEP.

Lady Visitor (to little boy whose mother has been ill)—Georgie, is your mother any better?

Georgie—Yes, ma'am; but she can't walk around above a whisper.

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by FAR the BEST and FINEST Stomach Bitters made whether taken PURE or with wines or liquors.



ALL's fair in love and Chicago.—Puck.

THE nutmeg has a peculiarly grateful flavor.—Washington Capital.

A SPEECH from the thrown—"Blast that mule."—Boston Bulletin.

A STANDING army is a big thing when it is on a war footing.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE turns in the politician's road that lose him oftenest are the returns.—Binghamton Republican.

THE monkey goes to the sunny side of the tree when he wants a warmer climb.—Merchant Traveler.

IT is a question with the Electric Light Companies whether to bury their wires or their employés.—Puck.

DUMLEY says he has often noticed that the slowest men sometimes wear the fastest colors.—Rochester Post.

PEOPLE generally prefer their grapes cold. Even soldiers do not like their grapes hot.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

BABBITT, the famous soap man, is dead. It is hardly necessary to state that he left a clean record.—Yenowine's News.

THE unmarried females of the country will be much interested in the work of the Patrons of Husbandry.—Rochester Post.

LOVERS of fair play will be indignant to learn that the sun is now shining day and night at the South Pole.—Rome Sentinel.

WHEN the stars above are not out shining they are probably locked up in the star chamber.—New Orleans Pacayune.

THE more imagination a poet has the better, especially when he sits down to his humble bill of fare.—Burlington Free Press.

THE cruiser Baltimore has been docked at Baltimore. Probably because she did not get down to the office on time.—Chicago Times.

IT is time some one referred to Secretary Bayard as the "sturdy oak" and his bride as the clinging Clymer.—Yonkers Statesman.

"The tight coat-sleeve is now a thing of the past," says a fashion item; but girls who are pretty all know better.—Somerville Journal.

"LET us hump the arch!" shouts the New York World. It would not be much of an arch without a hump, however.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

THE man who hides his light under a bushel is apt to be very extravagant. Usually a pint cup would serve the purpose.—Chicago Tribune.

THE infant King of Spain is to have his portrait put on postage stamps. This will make him more "stuck up" than ever.—Norristown Herald.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN thinks his example has set young men to work. He is mistaken. His example has set men to striking.—Binghamton Republican.

A DETAIL of officers for an investigation may be depended on for close information, as they naturally return a detailed report.—Baltimore American.

"MARRIAGE," remarked Biggs, "is a sort of brief swoon. When I was first married I thought Mrs. B. and I were one; but it wasn't long before we came two."—Boston Transcript.

BALTIMORE calls loudly for a general organization of the oyster trade, of which that city is the world's greatest centre—a sort of pan-oyster affair, as it were.—San Francisco Alta.

YOUNG man, do not be deceived. Your best girl doesn't care half so much about you getting a mustache raised as she does about you getting your salary raised.—Burlington Free Press.

The fashionable ladies corrective tonic is Angostura Bitters, the world renowned tonic.

A Sagacious Business Man.

A while ago General David Butterfield gave a dinner at the Cambridge to the Trustees of the Down Town Business Men's Republican Club. Among the guests were Warner Miller, Gen. Tremaine, C. C. Shayne, Gen. Burnett, Mr. Mulford and others equally well known. In a little speech which he made, Gen. Butterfield alluded to a correspondence he once had with his friend C. C. Shayne, the leading New York fur merchant, while in Russia. He wanted to do friend Shayne a favor, he said, so he wrote him that he could buy Russian lamb skins and sables at prices that seemed to be extraordinarily low, and he offered to purchase for Mr. Shayne all that he might desire.

"Judge of my surprise," said the General, "when I received a letter from Brother Shayne quoting prices for these goods, by which I learned that he could sell Russian sables, Persian lamb and other European skins below what they were held at by European dealers. That convinced me that America had no more enterprising fur dealer than our C. C. Shayne."

The explanation of this lay in the fact that Mr. Shayne, anticipating the demand, loaded up three years before when prices were low, which is a fair sample of his sagacity and enterprise. He is now occupying his new and elegant store, 124 West Forty-second street, New York, which those interested in handsome furs should visit.

Specimens of American Humor.

The disposition of Americans to exaggerate is especially prominent in what is known as American humor. A story associated with "picket firing" during the Civil War brings out this feature of national character.

One day there was a truce between the two hostile picket lines.

"Ho, Yank!" called out a lank Mississippian, who had just been posted. "Can you fellows shoot?"

"Wal, Johnny, I guess we can, some. Can you?"

"Shoot!" shouted back the Confederate. "Why, down in Mississippi we knock a bumble bee off a thistle blow at 300 yards."

"Oh, that's nothin' to the way we shoot up in Varmount! I belonged to a company up ther' of a hundred men, and every week we used to go out to practice. The cap'n would draw us up in single file, and set a cider barrel rollin' down hill. Each man took a shoot at the bung-hole as it turned up."

"This barrel was then examined, and if there was a shot found that didn't go into the bung-hole the man that fired it was expelled. I belonged to the company ten years, and there ain't been nobody expelled yet."

The exaggeration is often so pronounced as to eclipse the humor. A Californian hearing a Brazilian tell of the wonderful fireflies of his country, so large and luminous that ladies wore them on their persons inclosed in gauze, replied:

"That's nothin'. Why, in Californy the fireflies are so large that they use them to cook by. They set the kettles on their hinder legs, which are bent for the purpose like pothooks, and their bodies give out heat enough to boil potatoes."—Youth's Companion.

\$500 Reward offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for an incurable case. 50 cents.

WHEN a cashier goes to Canada his employer's face and his own accounts are the long and short of it.—Chicago News.

Those unhappy persons who suffer from nervousness and dyspepsia should use Carter's Little Nerve Pills, which are made expressly for sleepless, nervous, dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25 cents.

Emin Bey and His Work.

In person Emin is a slender man, of medium height, and tough and wiry figure. He is swarthy with black eyes and hair. His face is that of a studious professional man, and that impression is heightened by the glasses which he always wears. His attitudes and movements are, however, very alert. He stands erect and with his heels together, as if he had been trained as a soldier. He was always reticent about himself, and his history was known to no one in the Soudan or the Provinces of the Equator. He was supposed to be a Moham-medan. I am not sure that he ever said that he was, but I am quite sure that he did not deny it when I knew him. It has become known later that he is a German, of University education; but there were many at that time who thought that he was a Turk of extraordinary acquirements. He is certainly a man of great ability in many ways, and of strong character. Just why such a man should have gone where he has and stayed there is hard to see. Probably it was largely force of circumstances and a spirit of adventure. Certainly when he went there there was no prospect of much pay or distinction, and he was actuated by no great philanthropic ardor. Responsibilities gradually came upon him and he rose to them. It is easy to see how, in a character like Emin's—sympathetic, reflective, and enthusiastic—noble purposes were developed with a noble example before him and great opportunities around him.

Emin's uncertain power in a savage land is all that remains of the late Khédive's central African empire. One day in Khartoum Gordon asked me what I thought would be the future of the Equatorial Provinces. I said the power will gradually return to the Arabs; the negroes will kill their friends and tormentors together, and the good old times of war and famine will come back. I am still of that opinion. Unless the enlightenment of Europe can control the upper Nile country, either through the Soudan or from the south, barbarism will control it.—Col. H. G. Prout, in Scribner.

Now's The Time.

Never put off till to-morrow

That which needs doing to-day.

If you do you may find to your sorrow.

Too late, that you've trifled away the golden opportunity of a lifetime. If those who complain of weakness and debility, have hacking cough and pain in the side or chest, poor appetite, broken sleep and other symptoms of a general decay of vitality, would promptly procure Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and take it as directed, they might throw off the disease which threatens them, and soon regain a hold on the health they are surely losing. Consumption may be averted, if prompt measures are taken, by the use of this standard remedy. Let those who have reason to feel that their general vitality is running low be wise and do something for themselves at once, for delays are dangerous. "Golden Medical Discovery" is warranted to benefit or cure in all cases of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid for it refunded.

A Sad Accident.

Western Judge—"You are charged, sir, with being the leader of a party which hunted down and lynched a horse thief. The days have gone by when citizens of this great commonwealth can thus take the law into their own hands, hence your arrest. What have you to say?"

Prominent Citizen—"I ain't guilty, Judge. I'll tell you how it was. We caught the feller, and tied his hands and feet. Nothin' wrong about that, was there, Jedge?"

"No, that was no doubt necessary."

"Wall, Jedge, there was a storm comin' up and we couldn't spare him an um-

brella very well so we stood him under a tree. That was all right, wasn't it?"

"Certainly."

"Wall, the clouds kept gatherin' an' the wind was purty high, and we didn't want him blown away, so we tied a rope around his neck and fastened the other end to the limb above—not tight, Jedge, jest so as to hold him—and we left him standin' solid on his feet. Nothin' wrong about that, was there?"

"Nothing at all."

"Then I kin be excused, can't I?"

"But the man was found suspended from that tree and stone dead the next morning."

"None of us had anything to do with that, Jedge. You see, we left him standin' there in good health and spirits, fer we give him all he could drink when we said 'good-by;' but you see, during the night the rain come up an' I s'pose the rope got purty wet and shrunk a couple o' feet. That's how the sad accident happened, Jedge."—New York Weekly.

It Ought to be a Warning.

A dashing blonde, one of the most favored of the society young ladies, is just now in an embarrassing predicament, indeed, and a very slight indiscretion is likely to be followed by dreadful consequences. This fair one, just for the fun of the thing, answered an advertisement for a "Lady correspondent" in a Cincinnati newspaper, and very indiscreetly signed her name and gave her correct address. She received an impassioned letter apparently from a very susceptible young man, and several letters passed between them. The fellow, however, proved to be a blackmailer and has demanded a round sum from the girl as hush money. If she refuses he threatens to place the whole correspondence in the hands of the young lady's father. The young lady having spent her pin money allowance for the summer does not happen to have the wherewith to settle the matter, and she has called several of her chums into her confidence, and they are trying to raise enough money among them to keep the matter quiet. The pater familias is a stern man and could never pardon such a misstep on his daughter's part, and the girl is in mortal terror lest her correspondent carry out his threat.—Louisville Post.

What a Boy Can Do.

It is only in the comic newspaper that the small boy gets doubled up by eating green apples, and gives the undertaker a job. The small boy in real life will start out nutting in the morning, and before he returns home in the evening he will have put himself outside of half a peck of green apples, a dozen big turnips, a quart of chestnuts and three pints of spring water, and attack his supper with the appetite of a half-starved bear. Next morning he feels well enough to repeat his tramp and feast.—Norristown Herald.

Long Distance Telephoning.

Chicago—Hello, New York!

New York—Well.

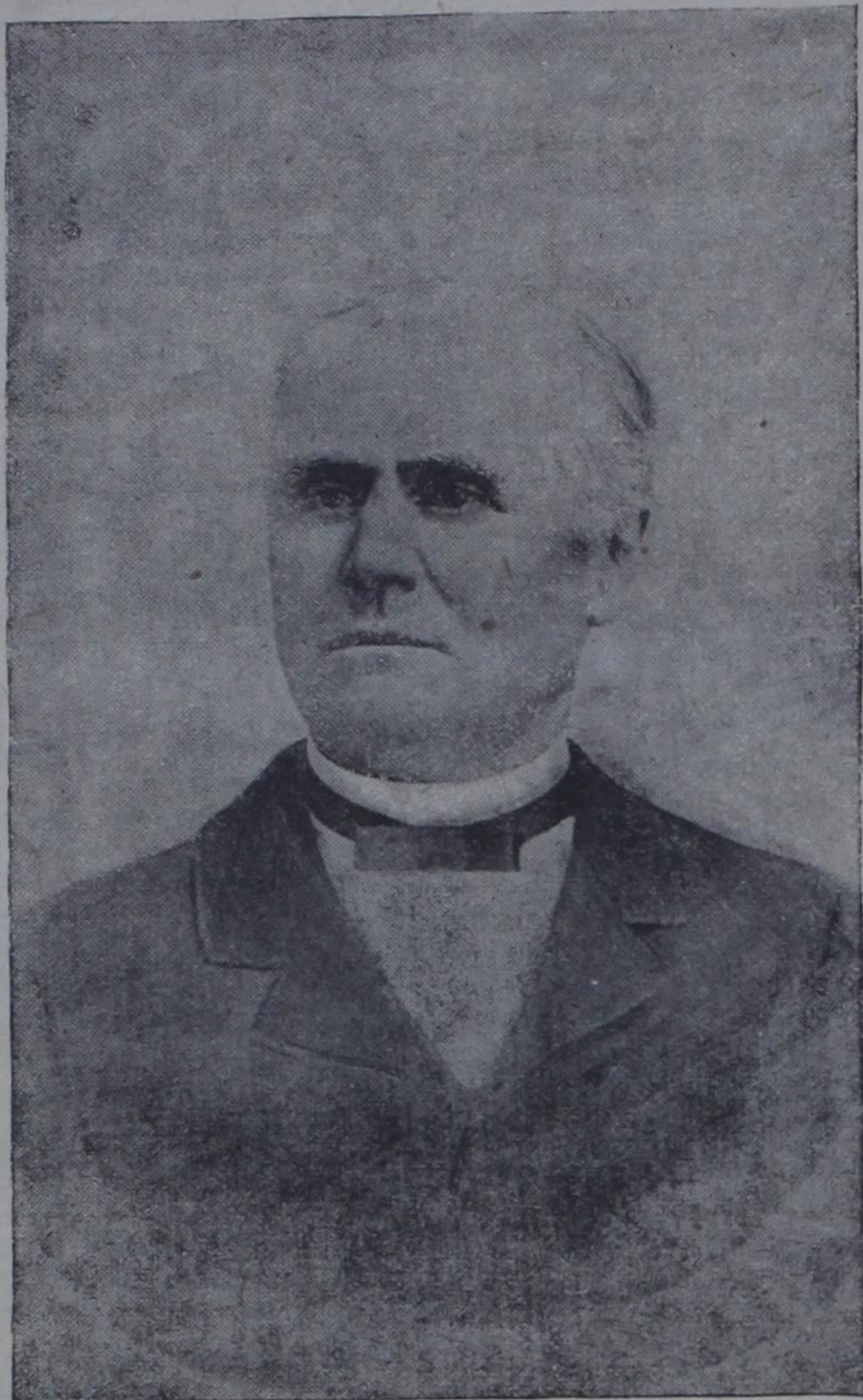
Chicago—When are you going to raise that World's Fair fund?

New York—About the time you get a Cronin jury.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The Seat of Pain and Pleasure.

The nervous system, often suffers a diminution of vigor, and causes mental annoyance, and even positive disturbance, without disease in the sensorium itself. It acts as a mere reflector, in many cases, of inaction in the stomach, and consequently of incomplete assimilation of the food by the blood. This of course weakens it, in common with the rest of the tissues, and renders it less able to bear without suffering an ordinary strain that would make no impression upon strong nerves. To supply a deficit of strength, and remedy a supersensitiveness in the nerves incident to a lack of vigor, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is far better adapted than any mere nerve or simple tonic, since the offspring of its use, complete digestion, is the vigorous and early parent of nerve force and quietude. Malarial attacks, rheumatism, bowel, liver and kidney complaints succumb to the Bitters.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. F. R. DRAY, SACRAMENTO, CAL.,
SENATOR THIRTEENTH DISTRICT.

No Flirt About Her.

He was a dude and a lady-killer of the most pronounced type. His record of "mashes" and broken hearts was one that swelled his sixteen-inch chest with pride. He was great on politeness and little acts of courtesy, particularly those that gave him an opportunity of showing himself off to advantage, and when he saw a stout old woman in a green gingham dress and pink sunbonnet, vainly trying to manipulate the faucet at a reservoir of drinking water in the park, he gracefully excused himself to the six young ladies following in his train, sprang gallantly forward, filled the cup, and, with the prettiest of bows and the most graceful tip of his hat, offered the cup to the old lady. His blood ran cold, and he stood rooted to the spot when she, with a wave of her hand, declined the cup, and said in the presence of the giggling young ladies:

"No, young man; you've got hold of the wrong woman this time; they ain't the least bit of flirt 'bout me; I'm a stiddy, respectable married woman; an' my old man's watchin' us from behind yan tree. He's the jealousist man on earth; you'd better take to your heels, for, if he sees you bowin' an' smirkin' an' makin' signs to me, he'd fairly bile over with jealousy, even though he'd no call to be so. I have to be mighty keerful ev'ry move I make. If you git sight of a spry old man 'bout sixty-four year old with a drab stove-pipe hat an' a linen duster, you'd better lay mighty low, 'speshly if he seen you tryin' to flirt with me, an'—you'd better git now for he's cummin' this way!"—Drake's Magazine.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. Hiscok, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

Kansan Philosophy.

It is the guilty man who makes explanations.

Some men should never be seen except in a crowd.

Everything that is nice grows on the other side of a barbed-wire fence.

A whipping never hurts so much as the thought that you are being whipped.

If you want to sleep late in the mornings, make up your mind to get up early.

If you put your eyes on your neighbor's row, the weeds will grow up in your own.

It is safe to say that half the people who try to go to heaven are going out of curiosity.

Never think. Thinking of a trouble makes it larger, and thinking of a joy makes it less.

When a man steals he steals for himself, but when a woman steals she steals for others.

We sometimes teach others by our actions the very things we do not want them to know.

"That girl has so much money," said a man on the streets to-day, "that she is almost good-looking."

Only a very pretty young girl and a very rich old man can afford to be independent of pleasing others.

When a thief steals a thing, his first action after getting away is to start a start that some honest man is a thief.

You are even with the weeds now that the frost has come; but the killing frost always comes too late to do any good.

Any boy will save money to buy a gun. It is the boy who saves money who has no gun in view, who deserves the most credit.

An unfair thing in this world is that we never know there is an ounce of prevention until after we have taken our pound of cure.

If your heart is larger than your head

you injure yourself, and if your head is larger than your heart you injure your neighbors.

A big man can be excused for walking on the streets with a little man, but a little man appears to a poorer advantage beside a big man than at any other time.

The doctor who cuts a man open after death and tells what is the matter with him has the advantage of the doctor who is compelled to guess what is the matter with the patient before death.

One night, as I lay sleeping, at midnight's dreamy reign, upon my ear came creeping, a faint, peculiar strain. And from my couch I listened, as the music louder swelled, and my eyes with wonder glistened, as the players I beheld. If the names you'd like to know, sweet forgiveness you must promise; on the woodshed, in a row, sat the orchestra of Thomas.—Atchison Globe.

Those Pesky Flies.

New boarder (shivering)—"Don't you think it is nearly time to start the fires, Mrs. Slimdiet? I know coal is rather high, but—"

Mrs. Slimdiet—"Yes, I will have them started as soon as the flies are all dead. You see, if the fires are started too soon it keeps the pesky flies alive all winter."

New boarder—"Oh! I hadn't thought of that."

Mrs. Slimdiet (a little later, in the kitchen)—"Bridget, the parlor has some flies in it so cold they can hardly crawl. Bring 'em 'n here and warm 'em up a bit."—New York Weekly.

THE DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM CO.,

827 & 829 Broadway, New York.

BRANCH: 199 Broad'y (W.U. Building,) New York;
HOUSES: 366 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HERMANN SCHAEFFER,
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GENUINE

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THIS

TRADE

MARK.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

We beg to call attention to our Complete Assortment of

THE DR. JAEGER SANATORY, FALL AND WINTER UNDERWEAR,

And everything else worn by

Men, Women and Children.

The genuine sanitary goods are manufactured under the supervision of Dr. Jaeger, and sold by the above-named Company and their authorized agents only.

Send for explanatory, descriptive and illustrated Catalogue and price list, free by mail.

Garments made to order, a specialty.

Mail orders promptly attended to.

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woolen System Co.,
827 & 829 Broadway, New York.

Ask your store-keeper for a bundle of COLGAN'S TAFFY-TOLU. It's delicious.

"DOWN WITH HIGH PRICES."

A \$65.00 Sewing Machine with attachments \$18.00
A \$50.00 Platform Scale, on wheels 10.00
A \$125.00 Top Buggy, Sarven Patent Wheels 65.00
A 2-Ton Wagon Scale, Brass Beam & Beam Box 40.00
A \$40.00 Road Cart, or Small Body Cutter 15.00
A \$15.00 Single Buggy Harness 7.50
A 4-lb. Scoop and Platform Scale 3.00
A Family or Store Scale, with Brass Scoop 1.00
Portable Forges and Blacksmiths' Tools for Farmers.
Catalogue of 1000 useful articles sent free. Address
CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.



CHANGE FOR ALL

To Enjoy a Cup of Perfect Tea. A TRIAL ORDER of 3½ pounds of Fine Tea, either Oolong, Japan, Imperial, Gunpowder, Young Hyson, Mixed, English Breakfast or Sun Sun Chop, sent by mail on receipt of \$2.00. Be particular and state what kind of Tea you want. Greatest Inducement ever offered to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO. P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.



How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN AND scalp diseases, with loss of hair from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail.

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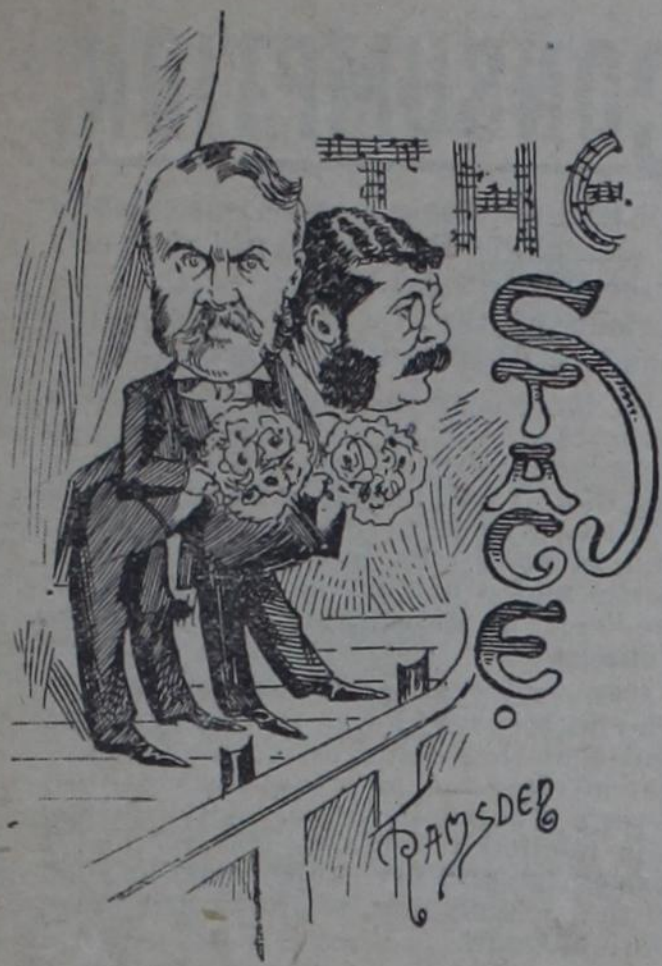
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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



The Exiles continues to draw fine audiences to Niblo's.

Roland Reed in the Woman Hater, at the Bijou this week.

Aunt Jack has made a tremendous hit at Madison Square Theatre.

All the theatres are preparing for a special matinee Thanksgiving Day.

A romantic play, The Royal Pass, is on the boards of the Harlem Comique this week.

Don't fail to see Shenandoah, at Proctor's Twenty-Third Street Theatre. Great play.

There is many a laugh in Neil Burgess' County Fair, now being performed at the Union Square Theatre.

There is no great dramatic success that isn't given at Miner's People's Theatre, and with admirable effect.

Saturday, Nov. 30th, will be the final performance of McKenna's Flirtation, by Barry and Fay, at the Park Theatre.

Seats may be secured a month ahead for The Great Unknown, at Daly's Theatre. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Wilson Barrett's original Princess Theatre version of The Silver King is the Fifth Avenue Theatre attraction this week.

Scanlon in Myles Aroon is miles ahead of any Irish comedian I have seen lately. His engagement at the Star Theatre is a great success.

Hermann's Transatlantic Vaudeville at the Harlem Opera House. Manager Hammerstein is preparing for Sunday night concerts.

The first orchestral concert of the Harlem Philharmonic Society will be given Thursday, Dec. 19. Subscriptions at Rocker's, 129 East 125th street.

The Howard Athenaeum Star Specialty Company are giving very attractive entertainments at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Millet's Angelus is now on exhibition at the American Art Gallery, 6 East 23d street, together with one hundred masterpieces of Millet's contemporaries, Barye, Delacroix, Diaz and others.

There was a special matinee of Erminie at the Casino Tuesday, Nov. 26, for the benefit of the World's Fair fund. Other theatres should do the same, for they will be benefited greatly by the exhibition.

Wild & Collyer's Comedy Theatre, formerly Poole's, 8th street, near Broadway, is doing an excellent business, with Charles T. Vincent's funny comedy, Running Wild. The scenes are mirthful in the extreme, and the music bright and sparkling.

Mr. Albert Morris Bagby, one of the most finished and brilliant pianists in

America, has decided to receive a limited number of pupils for instruction on the piano-forte. Mr. Bagby was a pupil for over three years of the Austrian Court Pianist, Xaver Scharwenka; for one year of Oscar Raif, of the Prussian Royal High School of Music; and for two years of Franz Liszt in Weimar. Mr. Bagby is also endorsed by the highest musical authority in America. His rooms are at Steinway Hall, East Fourteenth street, where he will be pleased to receive his friends and patrons daily until 1 p. m.

Afraid of Revivals.

First Small Boy—"There comes the preacher to our house, and I'm going to tell him none o' the folks ain't home."

Second Small Boy—"What fer?"

"Cause every time he comes he starts a revival o' religion at our house, and that sets pop to prayin' a dozen times a day."

"His prayin' don't hurt you."

"Yes, it does, too. He wears the knees of his pants so thin that when they is made over fer me they don't last a week."—New York Weekly.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned gripping pills, and are satisfied that purging yourself till you are weak and sick is not good common-sense, then try Carter's Little Liver Pills and learn how easy it is to be free from Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, and all Liver troubles. These little pills are smaller, easier to take and give quicker relief than any pill in use. One a dose. Price 25 cents.

A Game Country.

A kind friend tells us, says the Washington Post, that a recent paragraph in this column relating to the Harlan County feud in Kentucky recalled to his mind a story which is now so old as to be new again. A stranger had gone into one of the Southern States to have a little sport with his gun, but after hunting nearly all day was well-nigh disgusted at having found nothing to shoot at. He was about to give up, when he chanced to meet a native, with whom he fell into conversation.

"I thought this was a great country for game," said the stranger.

"Waal, so it war a bit ago. Ther war a right smart o' game roun' hyar afo' the boys got to gunnin' fur it, but I reckon it's mostly killed off now."

"I should say it had been. Why, I've been tramping through these woods since early this morning, and I haven't seen a blessed thing to shoot at."

The native, whose heart was full of that beautiful hospitality for which the South was so famous in ante-bellum times, stopped and stood in deep meditation for some seconds.



IT IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR HAY-FEVER, ASTHMA, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, AND COLD IN THE HEAD. WILL LAST A LIFETIME. A CURE FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE HEAD AND THROAT. GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF. FREE TRIAL AT PARLORS, OR SEND 6c. FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOK. BATTERY SENT TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN DOLLARS. REMIT BY REGISTERED LETTER, EXPRESS, OR P. O. ORDER.

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For Billous and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a *Wonderful Medicine*.—"Worth a guinea a box."—BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. For a

WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER; they ACT LIKE MAGIC:—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

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WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.

"Dogged ef I don't hate to see you go 'way disappointed, stranger, but—"

An idea struck him—a good idea. His face lighted up.

"What time is it, stranger?" he asked.

"Quarter past four."

"Waal, now," said the native with spirit. "you go over and stand behind the big tree at the fork of the road just beyond the knoll. Scholl 'll be out in just fifteen minutes an' you'll get a right good shot at the d—d Yankee schoolmaster."



BY ONE MAN. Write for descriptive catalogue containing testimonials from hundreds of people who have saved from 4 to 9 cords daily. 25,000 now successfully used. Agency can be had where there is a vacancy. A NEW INVENTION for filing saws sent free with each machine, by the use of this tool everybody can file their own saws now and do it better than the greatest expert can without it. Adapted to all cross-cut saws. Every one who owns a saw should have one. Ask your dealers or write **FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 808 to 811 South Canal Street, Chicago, Ill.**



A NEW TREATMENT. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been discovered which permanently cures the most aggravated cases of these distressing diseases by a few simple applications made (two weeks apart) by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE Mayor of London demanded a baronetcy for entertaining the Shah. He evidently thought it was a good knight's work.—Baltimore American.

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NEW WONDERFUL ROLLER ORGAN.



Latest and most charming musical instrument made. Plays Hymns, Songs and Dance Music. No Paper is Used. Music produced by Metallic Rollers, making delightful music, far exceeding in tone an Organette. Plays a tune as long as desired, without any break. No stopping to change the piece as must be done with organette. Beautifully finished, resembling mahogany, decorated with gilt and silver keys. Reeds organ size; the volume of one will fill a hall. This is the Improved Roller Organ, has 20 large organ reeds, and should not be classed with the cheap 14 note roller organ sold by other firms. If you want the Best send direct to the makers. We will send an instrument that will please you. Enclose \$6.00 with this notice and we will send Organ at once, all complete. Satisfaction, or money refunded. Address, G. H. W. BATES & CO., 74 Pearl Street, BOSTON, Mass.

Double sole and tap, hand-nailed, best English Grain stock, bellows-tongue, perfectly water-proof, made on an extremely easy last, and very durable. Excellent for Fall and Winter wear.

Sent by Mail or Express, prepaid \$5.50.

No man who is obliged to be out-of-doors in all kinds of weather and cares for a water-proof, durable, easy shoe should be without a pair of the "Creedmoor." The fact that this is the sixth year this shoe has been advertised in The Century, and each season increases the sale, is sufficient guarantee that it is all we claim.

Elkhorn, Wis., May 23, 1889.

F. P. WEBSTER, Boston, Mass. Dear Sir, I have been wearing a pair of your grained-leather shoes, such as you advertise in The Century, for over a year, and I never have found their equal for comfort, either for summer or winter wear. Enclosed find P. O. Order for \$5.50, also measure of feet, taken with light-weight socks. I want the thickest soles you have.

Very truly,

L. G. FOSTER, Sheriff Walworth Co., Wis.

F. P. WEBSTER, 277 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.



The Home Maker for November contains admirable articles from a long list of choice contributors.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage has become one of the editors of the Ladies' Home Journal of Philadelphia, and will contribute to it monthly.

J. S. Knowles still continues to publish The Gripsack, at St. John, New Brunswick. It is a valuable guide for travelers in the Provinces, and contains much choice reading matter besides.

The Week's Talk is the title of a new weekly recently started in New York city. It is devoted to society news, music, literature, the drama, etc. It is neatly printed by A. K. Stearns & Co.

Adrift; A Story of Niagara, by Julia Ditto Young. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price \$1.25. The great cataract of Niagara is made the background for a very pretty love story.

The Christmas number of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly has been received at this office, and it is a perfect mine of good things. An illustrated description of New York's art museum is a striking feature.

Osborne of Arrochor, by Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.50. Miss Douglas has written a number of very powerful stories, but none surpassing this. There is no little novelty in the plot, and the characters are drawn with an able hand.

A Knight of Faith, is an ambitious attempt on the part of its author, Lydia Hoyt Farmer, to refute the infidel doctrines of Robert Elsmere, and the reader can judge how far she has been successful by paying one dollar for the book. J. S. Ogilvie, 57 Rose street, New York, publisher.

Quite a novelty in the holiday book line is Samuel Lover's Low-Back'd Car, with illustrated drawings by Wm. Magrath, printed by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. There are twelve initial drawings, engraved on wood by Charles H. Reed, and the same number of photogravures.

Wide Awake for November is brightened by a portrait of Helen Hunt in her young womanhood. An article by Susan Coolidge, pertaining to "H. H." accompanies the portrait. Mrs. Jessie B. Freeman describes a Ball she attended in California. All boys will be interested in an article on Jack-knives, with twenty-one illustrations.

Henrietta; or a Corsican Mother, by Francis Coppée. Translated by Edward Wakefield. New York: Worthington Company. Coppée has long been famous as the author of a number of excellent plays and short stories besides melodious poems. The above is his first novel, and it has exceeded in interest the most hopeful expectations of his friends. Five editions have been sold already.

The Great Dress-maker—"Really, madam, I do not think that dress would be appropriate for you. It does not match your hair."

Mrs. De Swine—"Well, I'm going to have it, any way. What color should I dye my hair?"—Puck.

If you once try Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache, biliousness or constipation, you will never be without them. They are purely vegetable; small and easy to take. Don't forget this.

His Revenge Came.

"Revenge is sometimes slow in coming," said a man whose face bore the marks of premature age, "but it is sweet when it does come." He carefully folded a newspaper which he had been reading, and put it into his pocket. Then he stretched out his legs, clasped his hands back of his head and laughed. Several men sitting about the stove (it was in the office of a small hotel) looked inquiringly at the speaker, and presently one of them, bolder than the rest, asked:

"What do you mean?"

"I mean exactly what I say; but I will explain." He laughed again. "Some time ago I married a woman whom society declared to be beautiful. I was infatuated with her, and showered my money upon her. My fortune was soon spent, and then my wife informed me that she no longer cared for me. She left me, and I secured a divorce. Shortly afterward one of her relatives died and left her an immense sum of money. I was in need, actually without food, and I wrote to her, reminded her of my liberality and begged her to lend me a thousand dollars."

He paused, laughed again and then continued:

"She answered the letter, upbraided what she termed my shameless presumption, and declared that she could not afford to waste money on a man who was nothing to her."

He took the newspaper from his pocket, lay back in his chair and laughed softly.

"And what then?" some one asked.

"Oh, nothing then, but revenge now. She is to be punished for her soulless cruelty to me."

"What, has she been arrested?"

"Oh, no; how could they arrest her?"

"But how is she to be punished?"

"In a way that fills me with joy. This blessed newspaper informs me that she has married an Italian prince."—Arkansas Traveler.

Look here, Friend, Are you Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Night sweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren St., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Floralplexion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

Importance of a Hyphen.

Official-Looking Caller (with copy of daily paper in his hand, sternly)—"Is this your advertisement?"

Member of firm of Junk, Secenhand & Co. (looking it over)—"Yes, sir."

"You have 'cast off clothing of all kinds,' have you?"

"We have, my friend. What can I do for you?"

"You can come along with me, sir! My name is Anthony Comstock."—Chicago Tribune.

Took to it Kindly.

Nickleby—"What! home again so soon? Didn't the Arizonians take kindly to your newspaper?"

Squeers (returned from the West, where he has been publishing a paper)—

"Take kindly? Yes, too kindly. The mayor and aldermen said they never came across such fine ammunition for small birds as my nonpareil type made."—Lawrence American.

"The Idea!"

Her Matter-of-fact Old Father—"Daughter, I do wish you would learn to talk without using so many exclamations. Everything you speak of is accompanied with 'oh!' 'the idea' 'great goodness' or something of the kind."

"Why! Goodness gracious, pa! How can I help it? The idea! We girls all talk that way."—Kentucky State Journal.

The Last Man's Society.

In January, 1881, old Dr. Vattier died in Cincinnati. He was the last representative of one of the most uncanny societies, the Thirteen Club not excepted, that has ever been organized in the United States. About fifty years before the death of Dr. Vattier, seven of the most prominent citizens of the city on the Ohio, Dr. Vattier included, organized what was to be known as the "Last Man's Society." An agreement was signed by each to meet once a year for a social dinner as long as they lived. In case of the death of any of the members the others were to attend his funeral and assist in the burial ceremonies. At the annual banquet the empty chairs of the dead were to be placed at the table, and dinner provided as usual for the full number. A bottle of wine was sealed and securely locked in a casket and the key thrown away, with the agreement that the last living member should break the lock and drink the wine after the death of all the others. The wine casket was placed in the hands of Mr. Lawson, who just prior to his death asked another member, Mr. Tatman, to take possession of it. The thoughts of having the horrid thing about is believed to have caused the death of Tatman. During his sickness, which happened soon after he had taken the casket, he begged to have it removed from his house, which was accordingly done. After the sixth death had occurred in the little society, the casket fell to Dr. Vattier, the sole surviving heir, who, according to his pledge, broke the lock and drank the contents of the bottle. For several years Dr. Vattier was the only member of the "Last Man's Society;" regularly each year he sat down to a banquet provided for six, but none but himself at the feast; only six empty chairs in memory of the dead friends.—St. Louis Republican.

For Time to Settle.

Edith Downes—"No, papa, I can never accept Mr. Scads. He is nearly twice my age."

Old Mark Downes—"Humph! But he won't be, twenty years from now!"

Edith Downes—"Then, papa, let him wait the twenty years."—Puck.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN,

Instantly relieves and soon cures Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Stiff Neck, all congestions and inflammations, whether of the Lungs, Kidneys, or Bowels.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,

Headache, Toothache, Weakness or Pain in the Back, Chest or Limbs, by one application. Internally in water for all internal pains, flatulency, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Seasickness Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation of the Heart, Chills and Fever and Malaria.

50c. a bottle. All Druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic, Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWELS.

Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality.

Price 25 cts. a Box. Sold by all Druggists.

CONSUMPTION,

IN its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Even in the later periods of that disease, the cough is wonderfully relieved by this medicine.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."—A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middleton, Tennessee.

"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me. But advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."—James Birchard, Darien, Conn.

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."—J. B. Chandler, Junction, Va.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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Descriptive of Adventures, FROM THE CHAPARRAL TO WALL ST.

BY A WALL STREET MAN.

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TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

Cigars at \$35 per 1,000, or any other of our Cigars worth \$30 per thousand and upward, which may be all of one brand or assorted to suit, we will, upon request, send to your address, post-paid, the three following papers: America, Texas Siftings and the Chicago Weekly Times for one year.

R. W. Tansill & Co.,
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Dr. Campbell's Life Renewing Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers Have Done.

A Grand Island, Neb., lady writes: "Please send me a \$1 box of Dr. Campbell's Arsenic Complexion Wafers for they are doing me so much good I do not wish to neglect taking them, my health is greatly improved while my complexion is smooth as satin and rapidly becoming as clear as the creamy petals of a calla lily." By mail \$1

Depot, 220 6th ave., N. Y. All druggists. Mention this paper.

THE ONLY PRACTICAL LOW-PRICED TYPEWRITER

Catalogue free. Address Typewriter Depart., POPE MFG. CO., Makers of Columbia Cycles, Boston, New York, Chicago.

A NEW SHAMMUT COLLAR

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

THANKSGIVING.



Our Yankee forefathers had wisdom right smart,
For, knowing man's nature to grumble,
They only one day in the year set apart
For him to feel thankful and humble.

To make that one very short day a success
They feasted and stuffed him with turkey,
So he, feeling good, might his blessings confess
And see his surroundings less murky.

For one little day in the whole of the year
They asked him to leave off complaining
And give a few thanks to the One we revere
For blessings He ever is raining.

But man wouldn't do it—not even if he
On turkey forever was dining;
The dark side of clouds he will eagerly see
And hide from their silvery lining.

Unless he finds fault he's not happy at all,
And e'en on this day he should treasure,
His turkey's too big—or his turkey's too small—
To suit his unsuitable measure.

But some time, we hope—when millenium's here—
A man may be found who is living
Who'll do all his growling one day in the year,
And spend all the rest in Thanksgiving.

—H. C. Dodge.

ANTE-MORTEM.

Open up the cemetery,
Close your heart to vain regrets;
Useless the apothecary—
Johnny's smoking cigarettes.
—Merchant Traveler.

AUTUMNAL PHILOSOPHY.

'Tis better to have been a worm than never to have
seen this life,
As better 'tis to love and lose than never to have
loved at all.
'Tis better e'en to live your days in weary, bitter,
endless strife
Than not to know the glad some joy of buckwheat
flapjacks in the fall.

—Harper's Bazar.

MY QUEEN OF HEARTS.

She passed me just now, with another,
So smiling, so false and so sweet,
Not heeding the heart of her lover
She carelessly treads 'neath her feet,
And never a glance does she deign me.
The veriest outcast to-night
Is not more enveloped in darkness
Than I in this mansion of light.
Ah! me, was I mad in my folly,
When I thought that this one white rose
Could be plucked by me and prove thornless?
If so, I am punished, God knows—
Yes, punished for trusting a woman,
In thinking each smile and caress
Was given to me, and me only.
Ah! come, little sinner, confess
To the moths that are flitting 'round me,
They're singeing their wings in the flame;
Let me tell you, my dainty darling,
You're playing a dangerous game—
A game just as old as creation.
You know, in the garden of old,
The woman was punished as surely
As he that was tempted, we're told;
And some day the love you will long for
Will melt from your grasp like the snow.
Your life may be wrecked by a promise—
'Tis easy to promise, you know.
I was playing for hearts, my darling,
You're playing for diamonds, I ween.
God grant, in the game that is final,
A knave may not capture my queen.

—Florence A. Jones.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

He Saw a Difference.

"Madam," said the gallant old man
after obeying her request to close the car
window, "I was just thinking how differ-
ent the women of to-day are from those
of ten or fifteen years ago in the matter
of travel. Formerly a lady who had to
journey alone was—"

"Yes, sir," she interrupted, "but would
you please tell me if I am on the right
train for Buffalo?"

"You are, madam. As I was saying,
the women of ten years ago were contin-
ually worrying for fear—"

"And does this car go right through
without change?"

"It does, madam. I was going to say
that the woman—"

"And you think my trunk will go right
through with me?"

"Of course, madam. In former years
a woman traveling alone was afraid that—"

"You are sure we are on the right
train?" she interrupted.

"Very sure."

"And we don't change?"

"No'm."

"And we get in at six o'clock?"

"We do."

"And they'll call out the name when
we get there?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I hope nothing will happen, but
I'm very, very nervous. Would you
mind asking the conductor if we are
likely to have a collision, go through a
bridge, or get in an hour late?"

And the gallant old man, who saw
such a great difference between the
women traveling to-day and those of ten
years ago retired into his shell, looking
as if something had rubbed against his
placidity of mind.—N. Y. Sun.

Cause of the Complaint.

"When a man gets more than he
thought he was getting in a horse trade
he ought not to kick, had he?"

"Well, I should say not."

"Gimlet bought an animal from me
last week and now he is furious."

"You don't mean to say he got more
than he asked for?"

"Yes; but only two spavins."—Judge.

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remarkable success has been shown in curing

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Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are
equally valuable in Constipation, curing and pre-
venting this annoying complaint, while they also
correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the
liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only
cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who
suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortu-
nately their goodness does not end here, and those
who once try them will find these little pills valu-
able in so many ways that they will not be wil-
ling to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where
we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while
others do not.

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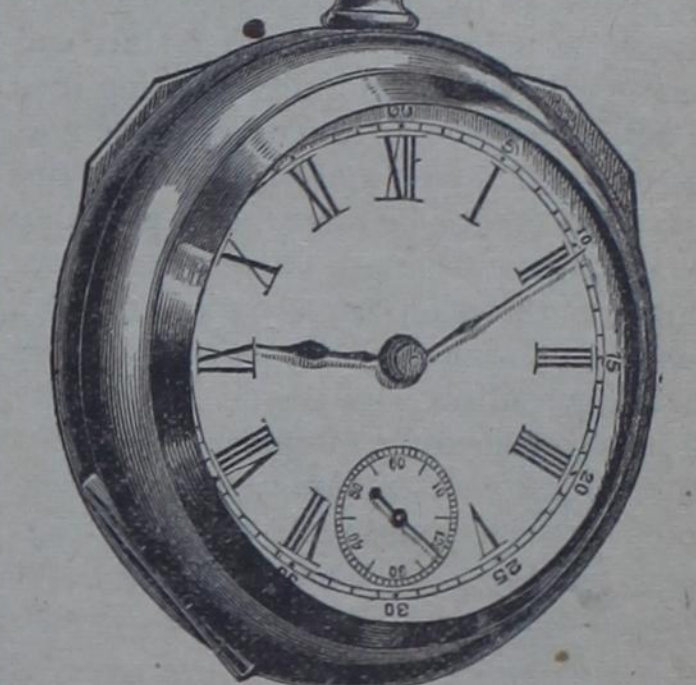
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Poets and Journalism.

Mr. Stoddard regrets the loss to the country of the poetry which Bryant might have written had his lines fallen in pleasanter places than in dingy and stuffy editorial rooms. He also mentions the fact that he himself was at one time offered a position on Mr. Bryant's paper—the Post—but declined it; and doubtless Mr. Stoddard still congratulates himself that he did not become identified with the disgraceful profession of journalism, but rather contentedly remained in the employ of the government until, as he says, he was removed by the customary political decapitation, and this, too, in spite of a strong letter to the powers that be written on his behalf by Mr. Bryant.

Mr. Stoddard admits, and perhaps unguardedly, that at one time he was a paid contributor to the Post, a trifling fact which he assumes Mr. Bryant neither knew of or concerned himself about in the least. This admission might warrant the damaging charge against Mr. Stoddard of having been himself a journalist; we might, indeed, go further and say that he has been guilty of using it as a stepping-stone to the position he now holds—that of poet and *litterateur*. But to such a charge he might, and probably would, retort, that, of all our American authors, there is scarcely one who has not at some time or other been identified with journalism, and found the weekly stipend received for his journalistic writings a most welcome aid to tide over the gaps between remittances from the magazine editors or the book publications for his purely literary work.—Ed. R. Pritchard, in *Arkansaw Traveler*.

They Sin Against Their Mothers.

The lamentations of a mother over the conviction of her son in the district court of Douglas county, on Friday, drove the judge from the bench and turned lawyers to tears. There is something infinitely sad about the devotion of a mother and the human heart can never resist a throb of sympathy when that mother's love asserts itself. Courts and bailiffs, judges and lawyers, court rules and stern decrees, all yield for a moment to the overwhelming power of woman's love. All bow in reverence and all sorrow in sympathy. But it is only for a moment. From his mother's arms the one who is ever a boy to her but a man in the eye of the law, is dragged by inexorable justice to the punishment he has merited. And then we wonder why that mother's love which appeals to all humanity with irresistible power, was not strong enough to keep that boy from evil ways and evil acts. She would have given her life to save his at any time. All she asked in return was for him to be true to himself. Yet he was not. The sin which wrong does commit against society is very small compared with that which they commit against their mothers.—*Omaha World-Herald*.

"The Jingling of the Guinea Helps the Hurt that Honor Feels."

But there are deeper hurts than those that honor feels. The seeds of disease are sometimes deeply sown, the system is secretly and surely giving away to some deep seated malady. Especially among females are many sufferers from inflammation, ulcerations, prolapsus, and other displacements; weak back, sick headache, nervousness and kidney diseases. For all these affections peculiar to women no surer remedy than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, prepared for their special benefit, can be found. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

Good morning!

"Paris

Exposition,

1889.

Pears obtained the only gold medal awarded solely for toilet SOAP in competition with all the world. Highest possible distinction."

It Was Raining.

Yesterday afternoon while the rain was pouring down a citizen left the postoffice to encounter an acquaintance who was also sheltered by an umbrella.

"Raining, isn't it?" queried the first.

"Hey?"

"Raining, isn't it?"

"I'd like to see you a moment," was the reply. "Come upstairs."

The two passed up, traversed the dark hall to its darkest corner, and then No. 2 turned on No. 1 with:

"Do you take me for an infernal idiot?"

"Why, no, of course not."

"Do you suppose I'm carrying an umbrella around to keep the sun off at this time of the year?"

"No."

"I'm carrying it to keep the rain off, am I not?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, it rains. You know it rains. Everybody in town knows it rains. Now you go on and let people alone."

"But—but—"

"That's all. You let it rain. She knows her business. You just attend to your own affairs and let the weather alone. Good day, sir."

And he went clumping down stairs and left the other to follow at his leisure.—*Detroit Free Press*.

CAPTURING A FORTUNE.

The \$15,000 which A. Moyer Obtained for Three Dollars.

The drawing of ticket No. 8,174, on which \$300,000 was captured in The Louisiana State Lottery, benefited two Denver men to the extent of \$15,000 each. One was Mr. A. Moyer, who held one-twentieth of that ticket; and the other was a gentleman named Tracey, whose identity has not yet been made known. Mr. Moyer drew his money through the City National Bank, and Mr. Tracey obtained his through the First National.

Mr. Moyer resides, and also has his place of business, at 1,116 Larimer street. He was found yesterday, by a reporter for *The Republican*, engaged in dandling his little girl on his knee. Although the money was drawn by him through the City National Bank on September 16, he had modestly refrained from making publication of the event.

"Yes," said he, "I drew the money on my ticket promptly. It was the third ticket I had purchased and I paid a dollar each for them. The other lucky ticket was held, I think, by an employee of the Rio Grande shops. His name, I believe, is Thomas Tracey."

Mr. Thomas Tracey was hunted up by a reporter, who learned that he resided at 825 South Water street. There was a Mr. Tracey who resided there, but he disclaimed having been the possessor of such good fortune as to have purchased a lucky ticket. Yet it is quite certain that a Mr. Tracey, who is not yet found, owned the piece or paste-board, and collected the money.—*Denver (Col.) Republican*, October 15.

Matri-money.

Pessimists are wont to portray in bitter, burning language the woes which must surely accrue to a state of civilization wherein the sale of fair and virtuous women to rich husbands obtains. And those who constantly look for new depths of depravity which did not exist in bygone times eagerly take up the hue and cry, forgetful of the fact that marriages for money have been made ever since money came into use. But now even the sourest pessimist must hold his tongue while fair and virtuous woman, so far from being on the market herself, is saving and scrimping on her pocket money and denying herself new bonnets and going without bonbons in order that she may save up money enough to buy a spendthrift princeling. Our fair countrywomen certainly have been maligned.—*Chicago Mail*.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Forcibly Struck.

"Did you read my play?" said Penley to Banks.

"Yes."

"How did it strike you?"

"Forcibly; I couldn't restrain my emotion."

"That's true," broke in Banks' wife; "I was in the next room when he read it and I never heard a man swear so in my life."—*Washington Capital*.

On the Stage.

"Don't you think," said a youth, after working his vocal cords with intense vigor beside the hotel piano, "that I ought to go on the stage?"

"Yes," replied Miss Pepperton, who doesn't like him very well, anyhow; "I certainly do. There is one that leaves for the station just an hour and a half from now."—*Washington Capital*.

To the young face Pozzoni's Complexion Powder gives fresher charms, to the old renewed youth. Try it.

The Corn Belt All Right.

"Good morning, Colonel. I see by the government report that the corn belt is all right."

"Thank Heaven! With the corn belt all right, we're all right. A healthy corn belt and a low tariff is all we need to be happy and prosperous. Let's go in here and take one on the corn belt."—*Kentucky State Journal*.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned griping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Try them.

She Had it Bad.

"What a terrible row that woman is making up-stairs, Tompkins; what makes her tramp up and down and yell like that?"

"It's her disease, poor woman; she is sorely afflicted."

"What's the matter?"

"Stage fever, I believe; worst stage."

"Why don't she marry an actor?"—*N. Y. Dispatch*.

A Desperate Resolve.

Cholly—"Well, the gov'nor cast me off to-day. Said b'jove he wan't going to support me any longer, don't you know."

Gussie—"What are you going to do now, my deah boy?"

Cholly—"I hawdly know. Maybe I'll have to twamp. Or perhaps I may become one of these howid pwize fightels, don't you know. Got any good thiga-wettes?"—*Terre Haute Express*.

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